

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWS PAPER

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1864, by FRANK LESLIE, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court for the Southern District of New York.

No. 448—VOL. XVIII.]

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1864.

[TERMS: \$3 50 YEARLY, 14 WEEKS \$1 00.

THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.

The Tattoo.

THE Fair closes each night with bugle blast and tattoo. Our Artist has sketched the latter with grace and spirit. Our ladies will become soldiers with all this drill and pomp and circumstance of war.

The Boat Builders' Department.

Among the curious and attractive departments of the Metropolitan Fair is the Boat-builders' Department, with its models of world-renowned crafts. In the centre is a model of the Isaac Newton; models of

lifeboats and of yachts are to be found on every side, attracting considerable attention when any yachtsman stops to explain to his fair friends and the group that soon gathers the beautiful lines, the graceful curve, the advantage for speed.

The Curiosity Shop.

Mrs. Gibbs's Curiosity Shop is one of the greatest attractions of the Fair. Here are gathered relics of bygone days, tapestry from Spain, chairs from palaces in France, Bohemian glass from Italy, water from the Dead Sea, Court dresses, Japanese robes, bonnets of other days, curiosities of every form and shape

Here stands a bronze vase that belonged to Pitt the great Earl of Chatham, whose memory our city has gratefully preserved in the names of two streets, although his marble effigy is no longer erect. Here looks down in sternest bronze the death-set face of the great Napoleon. Here is a mammoth nugget from our El Dorado, estimated to be worth the nice plum of \$40,000. As the crowd sways along we pass in turn by all these, thrown together in strange juxtaposition.

Anthony's Pearl Album.

Among the fine objects of the Fair was a Pearl Photo-

graph Album, got up by Messrs. E. and H. T. Anthony & Co., of New York, and presented to the Sanitary Fair by their employés. Our illustration will enable our readers to form some idea of its beauty. It was sold on the very first day for \$150.

The reputation of the house of Anthony guarantees in itself its superior excellence and beauty. Being the first to introduce the Photographic Albums into this country, they have ever stood at the head, and the taste and enterprise of the firm are equalled only by the splendid workmanship of those whom they have trained to the various departments of manufacture.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE TATTOO ON CLOSING AT NIGHT.

They have long been the leading house for the supply of all materials required in the art of photographing, and as in these nice operations all depends in the purity of the chemical agents, the Messrs. Anthony, by the high character which they have established, command the business.

Our readers, who have seen how constantly we express our indebtedness to them for portraits of celebrities, may form some idea of the vast number of *cartes de visite* of distinguished persons on their catalogue. It exceeds 5,000.

Their supply of stereoscopic views is also very fine and extensive. They were the first to introduce the instantaneous stereoscopic views. Visitors to the Art Galley cannot fail to examine and appreciate the specimens given there.

Barnum's American Museum.

FOUR ENORMOUS GIANTS—Three men and one woman, each over eight feet high; two Dwarfs, each less than two feet high—besides a host of other Novelties. DRAMATIC PERFORMANCES daily at 3 and 7½ o'clock P. M. Admission to all only 25 cents.

Oscanyan's Oriental Album.

Consisting of 23 Photographic Portraits of Oriental Men and Women, taken from life in both indoor and outdoor costumes, representing Turkish, Jewish, Armenian, Circassian, Egyptian and Druse nationalities, and also scenes from domestic life, illustrative of Mr. Oscanyan's Lectures.

It is the most popular Album; should be seen on every drawing room table; and the cheapest and most acceptable present that can be made to a lady. Costs on, \$3. Sent free, by mail on receipt of the price, by C. OSCANYAN,

No. 37 Lafayette Place, N. Y.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, APRIL 30, 1864.

All communications, Books for Review, etc., must be addressed to FRANK LESLIE, 72 Duane street, between Broadway and Elm, New York.

Dealers supplied and subscriptions received for **RANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER, also** **FRANK LESLIE'S PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE WAR** **OF 1861, by** **GEORGE P. BEMIS & CO., Proprietors of** **the London American, 100 Fleet Street, London, England.** **Single copies always on sale.**

TERMS FOR THIS PAPER.

One copy one year.....	\$3 50
Two copies " to one address.....	5 00
Four " " "	9 00
Magazine and paper one year.....	5 00
Paper, 14 weeks.....	1 00

TERMS FOR ADVERTISING.

One Dollar a line on the outside or last page
Sixty Cents a line on the 14th and 15th pages.

THE PUBLISHER OF FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED PAPER invites his present contributors and others to send in before May 1st stories and poems suited to its columns, as well as ideas for comic sketches on subjects of the day.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DECLINED.—Mary—Afloat—Gentian—The Siege of Sinter—The Owls' Concert.

ACCEPTED.—A Ring to Wear—The Highwayman of the Black Horse—Touching the Boy.

A few very superior tales suited to our columns will be cheerfully received by the Editor. Contributors are requested to write legibly, on one side only, and give their address distinctly.

Manuscripts will be examined promptly, and if not accepted returned without delay.

Summary of the Week.

ARKANSAS.

Gen. Steele is said to have reached Arkadelphia on the 28th March, constantly skirmishing with the enemy.

A body of Texan cavalry, numbering 400, attacked a Union camp at Roseville, on the Arkansas river, on the 11th, but were repulsed, with a loss of 12 men killed.

KENTUCKY.

Forrest still besieges Columbus, now reinforced by 2,000 veterans, and parties of his men are ravaging to within 10 miles of Cairo, burning houses and stealing horses.

The rebel Gen. Buford demanded the surrender of Fort Halleck, Columbus, on the 13th, and then attacked Paducah. On the 16th the rebels again demanded the surrender of Paducah, and Col. Mitchell with the 6th Illinois and other regiments were marching out to attack the enemy.

TENNESSEE.

Fort Pillow was finally surrendered to the rebels on the 12th, Major Booth, the commander, with several of his officers being killed. Forrest then carried out his threats, and the negro soldiers, to the number of 200, with their white officers, were then put to the sword. Some of the wounded negroes were actually buried alive!

The enemy have abandoned Fort Pillow, leaving it in ruins.

The guerrilla Reynolds and his command were surprised near Knoxville on the 15th; 10 of his men killed, and he, with 15 more, captured.

MISSISSIPPI.

On March 30 a band of guerrillas dashed into Natchez, but were repulsed, and an officer and three men captured.

TEXAS.

Our cavalry have occupied Eagle pass, 400 miles above Brownsville, driving out the rebels, and thus cutting off the cotton trade, which, after the occupation of Brownsville, was carried on here.

Corpus Christi has been reoccupied by our troops, from California, who captured 800 men.

LOUISIANA.

The rebel Gen. Dick Taylor recently surprised and captured 200 Union soldiers near Alexandria.

The rebels are said to have blown up their rams Shreveport and Missouri on the 26th March.

Alexandria is put in a state of defence against rebel attacks. Gen. Banks had reached Grand Ecore, but the steamer that took him up was attacked on the return trip.

FLORIDA.

On the 2d, Capt. Smith, with 32 men of the 14th New York, had a sharp action, near Barrancas, with the 7th Alabama cavalry, in which the enemy lost heavily.

VIRGINIA.

The storm not only swept away the railroad bridges but swelled the Rappahannock, so that the pontoon bridge was in danger and had to be taken up.

Capt. McKee, 2d U. S. Infantry, was killed by guerrillas, near Nokesville, on the 14th.

Longstreet has fallen back to Virginia with all his force except 20,000 men, who are to join Johnston.

Mosby, with 500 cavalry, made an attack on the patrol, near Bristoe station, on the 14th, and captured 20 or 25 men. A train, with Gen. Grant on board, had passed but a few minutes before Mosby's attack.

He made another attack on the 16th, near Fairfax station, capturing a train, burning 20 wagons and carrying off the horses.

An expedition sent up the Nansemond in search of the propeller used against the Minnesota, returned without finding it. It effected, however, considerable destruction. Lieut. E. P. Wilder, of the Minnesota, was killed.

COLORADO.

The 1st Colorado cavalry had an engagement with the Cheyennes, at Fremont's orchard, 85 miles from Denver, on the 12th.

NAVAL.

A desperate attempt was made by the rebels, on the 9th, to blow up Admiral Lee's flagship, the Minnesota, off Newport News, with a torpedo. The explosion was tremendous, but did not materially injure the frigate.

They were more successful in Florida, having blown up with a torpedo the transport Maple Leaf, returning from Pilatka to Jacksonville. The entire bow was blown out, and the steamer went down almost immediately.

The rebels are said, indeed, to have a regularly organised torpedo corps, which expects, even by the help of sympathisers in the North, to be able to destroy vessels, by concealing small torpedoes among the coal furnished to steamers. As though the effect of such a device, the U. S. gunboat Chenango exploded in New York harbor on the 16th, killing and wounding a number of officers and men.

The report of the loss of the rebel ram Tennessee is contradicted.

CONGRESS.

In the Senate, on the 11th April, after some unimportant business, it proceeded to the consideration of the House Naval Appropriation bill for the year ending June, 1865, as reported from the Finance Committee with amendments, the most important of which strikes out an appropriation of \$520,000 for the purpose of building floating dry docks for monitors at the New York and Philadelphia Navy Yards. The amendments were all concurred in, with the above exception. Mr. Hale offered various amendments, proposed by the Naval Committee, which were adopted. Without final action, the Senate adjourned.

The House proceeded to the consideration of the preamble and resolution offered by Mr. Fink condemning the war. Mr. Ashley moved to lay the resolution on the table. Carried by yeas 81, nays 64. The House resumed the consideration of the following resolution offered by Mr. Colfax: "That Alexander Long, a Representative from the 11th District of Ohio, having, on the 6th of April, 1864, declared himself in favor of recognising the independence and nationality of the so-called Confederacy, now in arms against the Union, and thereby giving aid, countenance and encouragement to persons engaged in armed hostility to the United States, is hereby expelled." A long and excited debate ensued, the main features of which were the speech of Fernando Wood in favor of submission to the South, and the patriotic reply of Gen. Schenck to the New York Copperhead. Without coming to a vote the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 12th, there was little business of public importance. When the Naval Appropriation bill came an amendment was carried transferring the Naval School from Newport to Annapolis, after 1865.

In the House, Mr. Stevens introduced a bill intended to prevent a depreciation of the currency by imposing a tax of one-fourth of one per cent. upon the circulation of all banks or corporations issuing notes as money. The resolution for the expulsion of Mr. Long was then taken up.

Congress did not sit on the 13th, having adjourned over that day to attend Mr. Rives' funeral.

In the Senate, on the 14th, after a variety of routine and local business, Mr. Sherman introduced a bill declaring it to be unlawful to make any contracts for the purchase or sale or loan or delivery of any gold coin or bullion, or of foreign exchange, at any time subsequent, by making of contract or for the payment of any sum, fixed or contingent, in default of the delivery of said coin, &c. It provides also, that none but bona-fide owners, in actual possession, shall make a contract for the sale of gold, and forbids any banker or broker or other person to make sale of gold coin or bullion or foreign exchange, or to make contract for any such purchase or sale at other than their ordinary places of business. All contracts in violation of the act are void. The penalties for such violation are a fine of not more than \$10,000 nor less than \$1,000 or imprisonment for not less than three months or more than one year, or both, at the discretion of the Court.

In the House, the expulsion of Mr. Long for his disloyal speech was the question. Mr. Colfax said as Mr. Broome's proposition would accomplish a similar object, he would accept it for his own, to expel the gentleman from Ohio, as it was evident a sufficient number of votes could not be obtained for expulsion. He demanded the previous question. Mr. Cox wanted to move to lay the resolution on the table. Mr. Davis gave notice that he should revive the original resolution of expulsion. The question was stated. Shall the main question be now put?

Mr. Cox demanded the yeas and nays. Mr. Colfax remarked that if no delays were intended, he had better proceed with his remarks. Mr. Cox replied that he and his friends did not want to delay, but they thought on a question of such importance there ought to be a record of names. The main question was then ordered, yeas 75, nays 71. Mr. Colfax then supported the proposition, which he had presented in performance of his duty. He showed that when Mr. Clay was Speaker he came down from the chair numerous times to reply to Josiah Quincy, who had expressed himself against the war of 1812. He answered various gentlemen, contending that just such sneeches as that of Mr. Long incited riots in New York and Illinois, and encouraged the enemy at Richmond and elsewhere, gladdening their hearts and strengthening their bands. The debate was continued by Mr. Long and Mr. Colfax until a late hour, when a vote was taken upon the first resolution, viz: "That the said Alexander Long be and he is hereby declared to be an unworthy member of this House." This was adopted—Yea 80, nays 70.

In the Senate, on the 15th, the session was mainly occupied in debate upon Mr. Sherman's bill to prohibit speculation in gold; several amendments were proposed and rejected, and the Senate adjourned without taking a vote on the subject.

In the House, a bill authorising the establishment of an ocean mail steamship service between the United States and Brazil was passed. The bill authorises the Postmaster General to unite with the Post Office Department of Brazil in establishing direct mail communication between the two countries, by means of a monthly line of first-class sea-going steamers, of not less than 2,000 tons each, of sufficient number to perform 12 round trips per annum between a United States port north of the Potomac river and Rio Janeiro, touching at St. Thomas, in the West Indies, and at Bahia and Pernambuco, provided that the expense to the United States shall not exceed \$200,000 per annum. The Postmaster-General is authorised to advertise for proposals for such service 60 days, in one or more newspapers in Washington, Baltimore, Philadelphia, New York and Boston, such contract to go into effect on or before Sept. 1, 1865. Bills establishing a postal money order system, not compelling all railroads to carry the mails, were also passed. The joint resolution to dispose of the unemployed Germans was postponed. Some unimportant business was transacted and the House adjourned.

In the Senate, on the 16th, considerable interest was taken in the news of the massacre of troops at Fort Pillow; and, on motion of Senator Howard, a resolution was adopted inquiring into the conduct of the Condukt of the War to inquire into it, and whether Fort Pillow could have been reinforced or evacuated, and the said committee to report at as early a day as possible. Earnest speeches were made by Messrs. Howard, Wilson, Johnson, Conness and Grimes, in favor of strict measures of retaliation, man for man, or two for one.

In the House, the consideration of the Bank bill was resumed, and, on motion of Mr. Fenton, of N. Y., an amendment was agreed upon, to the effect that the capital stock of banks under the act should be liable to taxation by the States at the same rates as that imposed upon money in private hands; provided that no State tax should be imposed on any part of the capital stock of such association which might be invested in United States bonds deposited as security for the circulation. The report of the Committee on Elections, declaring that Mr. B. M. Kitchen, of West Virginia, was not entitled to a seat as representative of the Seventh District, was called up and debated, resulting in a resolution declaring the gentleman duly elected and entitled to a seat.

FOREIGN NEWS.

THE NEWS THIS WEEK FROM EUROPE is not important. The French journals assert that the difficulties between the Emperor of Austria and Maximilian have been arranged, and that he will soon embark for his Mexican empire. The loan has been taken by French and English houses, and about \$500,000 are to be paid to France for war expenses. It would seem as though France had resolved to take up the rôle which England had abandoned, and build rams for the rebels, all under the stale device of being for the Chinese trade. The privateer Georgia is likewise being refitted in France.

In England great preparations are being made to receive Garibaldi. A Conference on Danish and German affairs is to be held in London.

The war continued in Denmark with varying success. The Danes had repulsed the Prussians at Duppel. Rumors of dissatisfaction among the Hungarian regiments in the Austrian service were rife, and to this fact the retreat from Fredericia was attributed.

The British Channel fleet had received orders to ready to sail for the Baltic at a moment's notice.

The Queen was to return to public life on the 6th of April, when she would hold a levee at Buckingham Palace.

The Emperor of Russia had given great offence to Napoleon, by celebrating at St. Petersburg the entry of the allied armies into Paris in 1814.

NOTES AND TOPICS.

The Hebrews.

We find in the statements of a late writer upon the Hebrews, that the United States have over two hundred thousand of them, while England has but thirty-five thousand. At first glance this may seem a strange disproportion, but to those who have made themselves familiar with the history of the race it is only an argument to show how the tide of commerce and prosperity has set towards this country. As a positive evidence of our well-doing, nothing could be stronger. The Jews, like a sleuth-hound, follows upon communities disposed to industry and commerce, and immediately constitute themselves the small dealers, especially in money and precious goods. They have always been the precursors of commercial greatness, and no nation that has driven them away has prospered in business. We do not assert that they make this prosperity, but their almost instinct for gain has made them to see it in advance. They are essentially a business people, a Jewish laborer, sailor or farmer being a rarity, though we believe that a great many of the race have become soldiers. Though the Christian world has been especially hard upon the Hebrew, they have found it difficult to do without him, and wherever luxury reigns there he is most in his element. Therefore, as a sign of prosperity, we cannot regret that there is almost a quarter of a million of Jews in the land.

Strikes in a Nutshell.

It seems strange that the intelligence that really does exist among American mechanics and workingmen should not be brought more into play when their own interests are concerned. At this moment labor is upon what is termed "a strike" all over the country. They are passing through that transition state which has to occur at stated intervals to keep capital and labor balanced. All things must be regulated by the price of labor, and the moment that articles of necessity reach that price that they are beyond the means of certain branches of laborers it proves that

the value of the labor that produced them has risen, and as a consequence other labor must rise with it. This is the case just now with all articles of food, in consequence of the high value of agricultural labor, caused by enlistment, and as a result all branches of industry must rise proportionately. The great mistake of strikers is to make themselves antagonistic to capital. There is really no antagonism between labor and capital. They are both equally workers, capital being as much a dead letter—if it is idle—as the laborer would be in the same condition. If a rich man is an idle man he will soon cease to be rich, his capital will make no gains, but cannot help making losses. He may appear to be idle, but he must think always, and as he thinks so does his money work, and by working keep labor going. The capital acts as the agent for the laborer, saving him the time he would otherwise lose in selling his products, providing him with machinery to lessen toil, building better workshops, and doing a thousand things that a single workman could not do. In fact, capital represents a hundred laborers combined, and by that combination achieves what the single man never could. Capital is governed by the same laws as labor, and must have its own strikes. That is, when there is a surplus of capital in any particular locality or business it must either fall to the value that is placed upon it or strike for something higher. This strike is generally accomplished by removing to some other locality, or embarking in another business. This, also, is the only way in which labor can regulate itself. All the strikes in the world will have no effect if there is a surplus of labor in any branch. If that is so, the laborer must remove to another locality or another employment. This is the only way that a strike can become effectual.

Uncle Sam.

During the existence of the war of 1812 a New York contractor, who will still be remembered by some of our old citizens, named Elbert Anderson, visited Troy for the purpose of buying provisions for the army. The inspectors of beef and pork at Troy were two brothers, Messrs. Ebenezer and Samuel Wilson; the last, always known under the sobriquet of Uncle Sam, was the superintendent of the workmen employed to handle and ship the casks bought by Mr. Anderson. These casks were always marked E. A.—U. S. This marking was done by one of Uncle Sam Wilson's employés, who was either stupid or witty, and on being asked by the other workmen the meaning of these letters and Uncle Sam. The thing took among the workmen, and after the joke was discovered the casks were still hung among them. In due time a great many of these very workmen found their way into the army, to help eat the beef and pork they had stored up to pack. With them went their old jokes, and this one pre-eminent, until it became a standard designation, and before the war was done was recognised over all the land as the appellation of the nation. I have never seen this in print, nor do I believe it has been, but there are, without doubt, many now living who know its truth.

Leaving McClellan 320 ahead on the entire ticket. When the excitement is over, it will be well worth the while of those interested to inquire, not who received the greatest number of votes, but who received the votes of the largest number of people.

While the subject is on our minds, we would mention that, after one or two visits to the Children's Department we have to be one firm believer in Carlyle's theory, that all boys should, upon birth, be put in a barrel and fed through the bung-hole until they are 16 years of age, or at least that they should never be allowed in crowds. The manner in which youths, ranging from four to 16, ranged through the room, upsetting and pushing through the midst of quiet groups, tearing ladies' dresses and wiping their feet on gentlemen's pants, unrepressed by the police, has made us a convert to this belief.

One of the most singular, as well as the most impudent items of the week, is the fact of the presentation by Charles Jefferds, who is now in State Prison for life, of the pistol with which he committed the murders of Mathews and Walcott to the Fair, requesting that it should be sold, and the proceeds booked in votes for Grant on the sword question!

What has Grant done to deserve this?

As a showing of the hungry crowds that seek the restaurant department, this is a record of one week's eating: 320,000 oysters, 15,883 lbs. meats, 6,591 lbs. poultry, 3,240 lbs. fish, 5,953 quarts ice cream, and other edibles in proportion, showing clearly that the angels, fairies, sprites and so forth that haunt the stalls and passages of the great Fair are strongly given to solids.

One of the impossibilities of a series of visits to the great exhibition is to give any connected account of the wonders. Its historian must have powers of analysis, condensation and arrangement beyond all human comprehension, and must lack everything of human passion that would prevent him from passing cool judgment. How can any narrator be expected to speak of the inanimate show, when from every stall and passageway eyes of every shade, from the heavenly blue to the raven black, gleam entreaty upon him, and lips that seem made only to utter peremptory musical poems plead the very last greenback from his pocket, to be replaced by loves of pincheuses and unimpeachable knick-knacks? In a burst of admiration and enthusiasm, we even forgive the delicious damsel who took our hard-earned greenback for a glass of sodawater, rendered absolutely necessary by our labors and the dust, and sweetly informed us that she gave no change!

Another matter worth mentioning is the sad lack of information on especial subjects, the catalogue not supplying every deficiency. One point on which we desired enlightenment is that of the mermaid exhibited in the Curiosity room. The question simply is whether it is the mermaid known to historic fame, as captured by Barnum, or whether it is merely a mermaid of unknown family, and having no interest to the general public, but the fact of being a genuine mermaid, which nobody will deny. If it is the first, then the public should know it, that they may view a creature whose fame is so identified with that of our country.

Another point on which we covet information is the private opinion of those Indians upon the whole matter. There is something so inconceivably wretched in the aspect of these Shoshones, something so evidently *blase*, that we can compare them to nothing but the Happy Family at the Museum, which is, without doubt, the most unhappy gathering of living creatures on the face of the earth.

On Thursday an incident was made in the sale of Mr. B. one's gift, the celebrated mare, Lady Woodruff. The mare is 12 years old, and is said to be the fastest trotter of her weight—1,100 pounds—in the country. She has done as well as 2.27 in harness, and is now represented to be capable of doing better than ever before. Under these circumstances it seems somewhat strange that she only brought \$1,800, though she was resold immediately afterwards for \$2,000. Before the sale there were rumors flying about that she was valued at \$7,000, and that her owner would hand the Fair-managers \$6,000 for her himself, rumors that did not prove real.

Among the contributions of the week the most touching is that of a Spanish lady, who, having renounced the world, and became a nun, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, sends all her earthly treasures, consisting of jewelry and gems, and valued at \$2,500, to the Fair. They are exhibited on the Harlem stand.

Another is that of a book of autographs donated by Miss Fanny Kemble, containing that of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, and a full assortment of other Dukes, Lords, Princes and Earls of celebrity. Side by side with this, and offered for \$500, is a book containing a great number of autographs of American celebrities, among which are all the Presidents, from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln.

In the Trophy room we have many sights of pleasure and interest; among the first is the always goodnatured and earnest face of Mrs. McClellan, than the possession of which we can understand no greater privilege for the General, unless it be the warm-hearted and truthful admiration of his countrymen. Among the last is the presence of John Burns, the old Gettysburg patriot, who took his musket on the day of the battle, and went out to do a little fighting on his own hook. Burns is 71 years of age and a soldier of the war of 1812. At the outbreak of the rebellion he volunteered in company bound for the field, but was discharged in a few days, because, as they said he was too old, a fact that Burns did not see. Determined to take a hand any how, he was delighted when the fighting reached his own door, and took one chance at Gettysburg, which proved no prize, for the old man was badly wounded, a trifling that is being thoroughly made up to him by his son.

Another living history, in the same room, is a soldier named William Mudge, whose sightless eyes are made the subject of especial appeal by a beautiful lady, who recites his services and condition to those who have hearts and pockets. A ball has stricken a way the soldier's sight, affected his palate, and taken from him a large share of enjoyment for life. Such sights bring home to us the realities of our great struggle, and makes us see the earnestness of purpose and necessity that underlies all the dazzling, fashion, flirtation and poetry of the great Sanitary Fair.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the week, as connected with the great work, was the performance on Saturday afternoon of the children at Niblo's Theatre in "Cinderella."

The house was crowded to greatly uncomfortable fullness long before the hour of performance, and we hazard nothing in saying, with the most fashionable large audience that has been gathered in New York in many years.

The matter was concocted very quietly, the outside public knowing nothing about it, until within a day or two of the time, and then only by a modest advertisement in one or two papers, which even neglected to mention such particulars as the price of admission. The performers—their first appearance on any stage—were all from Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, and their belongings, and not even a supe was allowed but could date from a brown stone front.

The play itself was a rendering of the story of "Cinderella" much cut up and much cut down, and could have been much improved by the substitution of Flaneau's version of the same exquisite tale. Of the performers we are obliged to admit that they rather excited our astonishment; every one, from the leading lady to the lowest subordinate, showing a coolness and presence of mind that would have made the fortune of any debutante, and almost argued that they had been inhaling the perfume of the footlights for the period of their natural lives.

The leading lady, Miss Minnie Croxsey, who did Cinderella, was as charming in her acting as she was in person, and brought down the house and bouquets frequently. Whenever her brown stone front and dividende fail her, the stage will be a vocation on which she can fall back with perfect safety.

Miss Katie Sinclair, who did honor to the reputation of the fairy Servants, is a charming little blonde—

we never knew a Kate who was not a blonde—of twelve, who did her fairy business in an airy way, and interpolated it with a minuet—a dance that all fairies perform—assisted by a nameless youth, in very grandmotherly style.

One son of General Fremont—Charley by name—did up the Prince in a princely way, and seemed rather to enjoy his acquaintance with Cinderella; while another son of the General, the youthful Frank, acted as Herald, and blew a wild and blare blast from an unimpeachable bright trumpet, that stamped him at once as an actor of uncommon power.

During the ball-room scene—which was really beautiful—being done by about a hundred well selected and elegantly dressed children; a lad of about nine years old played a solo on the violin, which, on his encore, was followed by a *melange* of national airs, and deservedly elicited earnest applause.

The whole affair was one of the most noticeable and pleasant items of the season, and netted to the treasury within a trifle of \$3,000.

The receipts of the Fair up to the close of the second week are \$800,000, and the average daily increase \$40,000. We trust that the managers will not be hurried into closing prematurely, because the fair shopkeepers weary of their self-imposed burdens, but will appeal for fresh help as well as fresh contributions.

And now for the theatres.

The sensation of the day seems to be Avonia Jones, and we are more than surprised that one so much talked of, both by the press and the public, putting out of the question all criticism on ability, does not draw fuller houses. By this we do not mean that the houses are poor, but that they lack that fulness which always greeted other artists of a high order or much talked of. Through the week Miss Jones has given us more Judith, interspersed with Medea, Bianca and Julian, and we think has gained upon her audience at each representation.

On Monday night, according to promise, Mrs. Wood produced "Loyalina," a reconstruction of Flaneau's "Fortunio," by Oakley Hall, our District Attorney. Whether Mr. Hall has improved the structure is a difficult problem to solve, but certainly some of the local hits, puns and allusions are excellently well done, and, coupled with the manner in which it is put upon the stage, makes a most attractive hour's laugh. Especially would we commend the dragon's head after decapitation, and its performance in the chorus, only wondering that the property-man was not called before the curtain to receive the reward of pre-eminent genius, and the performer on the string connecting with the dragon's jaws to share it with him, the same as the author and the leading actor are called out to receive the plaudits of a pleased audience.

Preceding "Loyalina" a neat little comic drama, by Morton, who never does anything bad, has run the week, and has given an opportunity for the debut of Mrs. Winter, whose name is already familiar to the public as one of the most delightful story writers of the day. Mrs. Winter, during the first few nights, could not help but show the natural trepidation of a debutante, but that wearing off, she carries with her all the essentials of a charming actress. There are nature and beauty and with the education that time will bring upon the board her success is certain.

A suggestion comes to our mind as connected with an incident in this house a few nights since, though equally applicable to every other theatre. It is in reference to the rise of the audience before the conclusion of the piece. We especially speak of it here because we believe that Mr. Duff is a reformer of theatrical abuses, and has the nerve to do it. If he will reform such an abuse as we mention, he will deserve not only the thanks and gratitude of the reelectable part of the public but of every actor on the stage. We hardly see how it is to be done but by an iron hand, and its power should be exercised by closing the doors of the house five minutes before the fall of the curtain, and refusing to allow any one to leave the premises until it is fully down. This fact should be announced to the public, and then it would be understood, and the admission accepted with the condition. If any one violated it by rising and bursting in his seat during the last five minutes, let him be handed over to the police for disturbing the audience, and cool his heels in the station-house for that night. We hardly think he would repeat the experiment.

The promises for the week are Booth at Niblo's as Raphael, in the "Marble Heart," and Hackett, on Saturday, in "Henry IV," for the benefit of the fund to erect a monument to Shakespeare in the Central Park. At Wallack's we have "The Clandestine Marriage," "The Wonder," "The Stranger," and more "Rosedale;" while on Saturday, 23d, the tercentenary of Shakespeare's birth, a Shakespearean comedy will be given for the Dramatic Fund. Barnum will run "Cudjo's Cave," with a plentiful sprinkling of patriotism, as connected with American citizens of African descent—which, of course, doesn't mean darkies—mischievous effects, loud tableaux and tall acting. Robert Helpmann opens his new theatre on Monday opposite the Metropolitan to give us "Music and Magic," having inaugurated himself before the children at the Sanitary Fair on Wednesday last.

Among the contributions of the week the most touching is that of a Spanish lady, who, having renounced the world, and became a nun, in the Convent of the Sacred Heart, sends all her earthly treasures, consisting of jewelry and gems, and valued at \$2,500, to the Fair. They are exhibited on the Harlem stand.

Another is that of a book of autographs donated by Miss Fanny Kemble, containing that of Queen Victoria, the Duke of Wellington, Lord Palmerston, and a full assortment of other Dukes, Lords, Princes and Earls of celebrity. Side by side with this, and offered for \$500, is a book containing a great number of autographs of American celebrities, among which are all the Presidents, from George Washington to Abraham Lincoln.

In the Trophy room we have many sights of pleasure and interest; among the first is the always goodnatured and earnest face of Mrs. McClellan, than the possession of which we can understand no greater privilege for the General, unless it be the warm-hearted and truthful admiration of his countrymen. Among the last is the presence of John Burns, the old Gettysburg patriot, who took his musket on the day of the battle, and went out to do a little fighting on his own hook. Burns is 71 years of age and a soldier of the war of 1812. At the outbreak of the rebellion he volunteered in company bound for the field, but was discharged in a few days, because, as they said he was too old, a fact that Burns did not see. Determined to take a hand any how, he was delighted when the fighting reached his own door, and took one chance at Gettysburg, which proved no prize, for the old man was badly wounded, a trifling that is being thoroughly made up to him by his son.

Another living history, in the same room, is a soldier named William Mudge, whose sightless eyes are made the subject of especial appeal by a beautiful lady, who recites his services and condition to those who have hearts and pockets. A ball has stricken a way the soldier's sight, affected his palate, and taken from him a large share of enjoyment for life. Such sights bring home to us the realities of our great struggle, and makes us see the earnestness of purpose and necessity that underlies all the dazzling, fashion, flirtation and poetry of the great Sanitary Fair.

One of the most brilliant affairs of the week, as connected with the great work, was the performance on Saturday afternoon of the children at Niblo's Theatre in "Cinderella."

The house was crowded to greatly uncomfortable fullness long before the hour of performance, and we hazard nothing in saying, with the most fashionable large audience that has been gathered in New York in many years.

The matter was concocted very quietly, the outside public knowing nothing about it, until within a day or two of the time, and then only by a modest advertisement in one or two papers, which even neglected to mention such particulars as the price of admission. The performers—their first appearance on any stage—were all from Fifth Avenue, Madison Square, and their belongings, and not even a supe was allowed but could date from a brown stone front.

The play itself was a rendering of the story of "Cinderella" much cut up and much cut down, and could have been much improved by the substitution of Flaneau's version of the same exquisite tale. Of the performers we are obliged to admit that they rather excited our astonishment; every one, from the leading lady to the lowest subordinate, showing a coolness and presence of mind that would have made the fortune of any debutante, and almost argued that they had been inhaling the perfume of the footlights for the period of their natural lives.

The leading lady, Miss Minnie Croxsey, who did Cinderella, was as charming in her acting as she was in person, and brought down the house and bouquets frequently. Whenever her brown stone front and dividende fail her, the stage will be a vocation on which she can fall back with perfect safety.

Miss Katie Sinclair, who did honor to the reputation of the fairy Servants, is a charming little blonde—

EPISTOME OF THE WEEK.

Domestic.—The maple sugar crop of 1864 will greatly exceed that made in previous years. In all probability it will reach 25,000,000 pounds, worth, at the low estimate of 15 cents a pound, nearly \$4,000,000.

— Mrs. Gen. McClellan is to have charge of one of the most interesting departments of the Buffalo Sanitary Fair, which is a collection of the torn and stained battle flags brought home from the war by the returning regiments. She has written to Quarter-master Gen. Aiken for the flags of Connecticut, and they are to be sent to her. The collection will be arranged upon stands in groups, and will form one of the most absorbing attractions of the Fair.

— The amount appropriated in the law for the service of the Post-Office Department for the year ending June, 1865, for inland service, is nearly \$8,000,000; for foreign mail transportation, \$250,000; and for ship, steamboat and navy letters, \$8,000.

— On Thursday, the 14th April, gold reached the highest point yet—\$184. This, with exchange on London at 200, caused considerable excitement in the money market.

— The famous trotting mare, Lady Woodruff, presented by Robert Bonner, the publisher, to the Sanitary Fair, was sold to Mr. Howard for \$1,800, who again sold her to Mr. Irving, her original proprietor, for \$2,000. Mr. Bonner bought it of Mr. Irving, some years ago, for \$8,300.

— The season commenced on the trotting course on the 14th April. The unfavorable state of the weather prevented a very large attendance, but the races were conducted with great spirit, although there was little betting.

— **Western.**—A terrific tornado swept over Bureau county, Central Illinois, on Monday, the 11th. Farms were flattened, buildings tumbled into ruins, and trees torn up by the roots. The towns of Knoxville and Galesburg were seriously damaged.

— **Southern.**—Even in North Carolina, where comparative plenty abounds, the prices of food are enormous. Bacon is \$5 a pound, butter \$6, eggs \$5 a dozen, corn \$28 a bushel, flour \$250 a barrel, molasses \$30 a gallon, potatoes \$5 a bushel, sugar \$12 a pound.

— The Raleigh Confederate says: "Gen. Morgan is about to make his greatest raid—if successful it will be the greatest blow yet aimed at the North."

— **Naval.**—The French papers publish an article taken from the *Opinion Nationale* of Paris, which includes official documents, and proves that the French Government is quietly conniving at the efforts of rebel agents to have ironclad war vessels built in France for the rebel service. From the revelations of the *Opinion*, it appears that firms at Nantes and Bordeaux have been for months at work building war vessels, ostensibly for China, but really for the rebels. Mr. Dayton, last fall, laid before the French Government the real destination of the vessels, and after much delay, the work was stopped by Government orders. But during the last two months, as the *Opinion* declares, the work has been resumed, and two of the vessels are now ready to be passed over to the rebel agents. Lieut. Maury and Capt. Bullock have been prominent in these negotiations. These vessels are ironclad, and the rebel authorities have ordered an entire fleet, which the Government of Napoleon III, seems willing to have built at French ports, in spite of its reiterated desire to maintain a strict neutrality.

— **Personal.**—Judah P. Benjamin, who is now playing a most conspicuous part in the grand drama of the rebellion, delivered a lecture in San Francisco before the war, in which he said, on the subject of treason, that those who plot of and strive to dissolve this glorious Confederacy of States are like these silly savages who let fly their arrows at the sun, in the vain hope of piercing it, and still the sun rolls on, unheeding, in the eternal pathway, shedding light and heat and animation upon all the world.

— **Mrs. Lizzy Campbell Winter.**—Mrs. Lizzy Campbell Winter, already favorably known to our readers as a very popular novelist, made her debut at the Olympia on the 11th, as Rosina, in "Our Wife." Her performance was characterized by great vivacity and expression. She has every requisite to make a very charming actress. Her figure and face fit her admirably for parts requiring personal attractions, while her mental qualifications enable her to depict with force and precision the author's meaning.

— **Gen. Robt. E. Lee.**—The present Commander-in-Chief of the Virginia Confederate forces, was the Colonel who captured Ossawatomie Brown, at Harper's Ferry, and handed him over to the Virginia State authorities.

— **Mr. A. A. Lovett.**—The Superintendent of the People's Line of Telegraph, died on the 13th of April, of apoplexy, at his office, No. 21 Wall street. Mr. Lovett had long been identified with the telegraph, his interests of the country, and during his useful career had endeared himself to a large circle of friends.

— **John C. Rives.**—John C. Rives, of Washington, proprietor of *The Congressional Globe*, died on April 10, aged 68, of congestion of the lungs. Mr. Rives began to reside in Washington in 1824, having come from Edwardsville, Ill., where he was a bank cashier. He received a clerkship in the Fourth Auditor's office, and afterwards was engaged in Duff Green's newspaper office. During the early part of Gen. Jackson's Administration he, with Frank Blair, sr., founded the *Globe*, of which he had been sole proprietor for three years at the time of his death.

— **The Hon. John Banks.**—The Hon. John Banks, of Pennsylvania, died on the 3d inst. He was born in 1793. In 1813 he was sent to Congress. In 1833 he was appointed by Gov. Ritner President Judge of the Third Judicial District of the State, in the fulfillment of which office he gained the esteem and good will of those with whom he was brought in contact. In 1841 he was the Whig candidate for Governor, but was unsuccessful, and in 1847 he became State Treasurer, retiring from the Bench and returning to the Bar, where he at once attained a very large and lucrative practice, which he held to the time of his death.

— **M. M. Marmaduke.**—M. M. Marmaduke, formerly Lieutenant-Governor and ex-officio Governor of Missouri, died at his residence in Saline county, on the 26th of March, aged 73 years. Of his three sons, John S. joined the rebel army, H. M. is now in the rebel "navy," and Vincent was banished for disloyalty. The old man, however, never faltered in his devotion to the Union, but remained a loyal and true man to the day of his death.

— **Accidents and Offences.**—Daniel Brooks, who was tried for the homicide of Smith, McKinley's bartender, and convicted of manslaughter in the third degree, is sentenced to the State Prison for 4 years.

— In the case of James Nixon, the lame soldier tried for the murder of Wm. N. Brown, keeper of the Pewter Mug, the jury find a verdict of manslaughter in the third degree.

— **Foreign.**—In the southern provinces of Russia large cisterns have been made of petroleum.

— Near Gournay, in France, three large and deep pits have been discovered filled with early Gaulish war hatchets. They were covered over with immense quantities of flots.

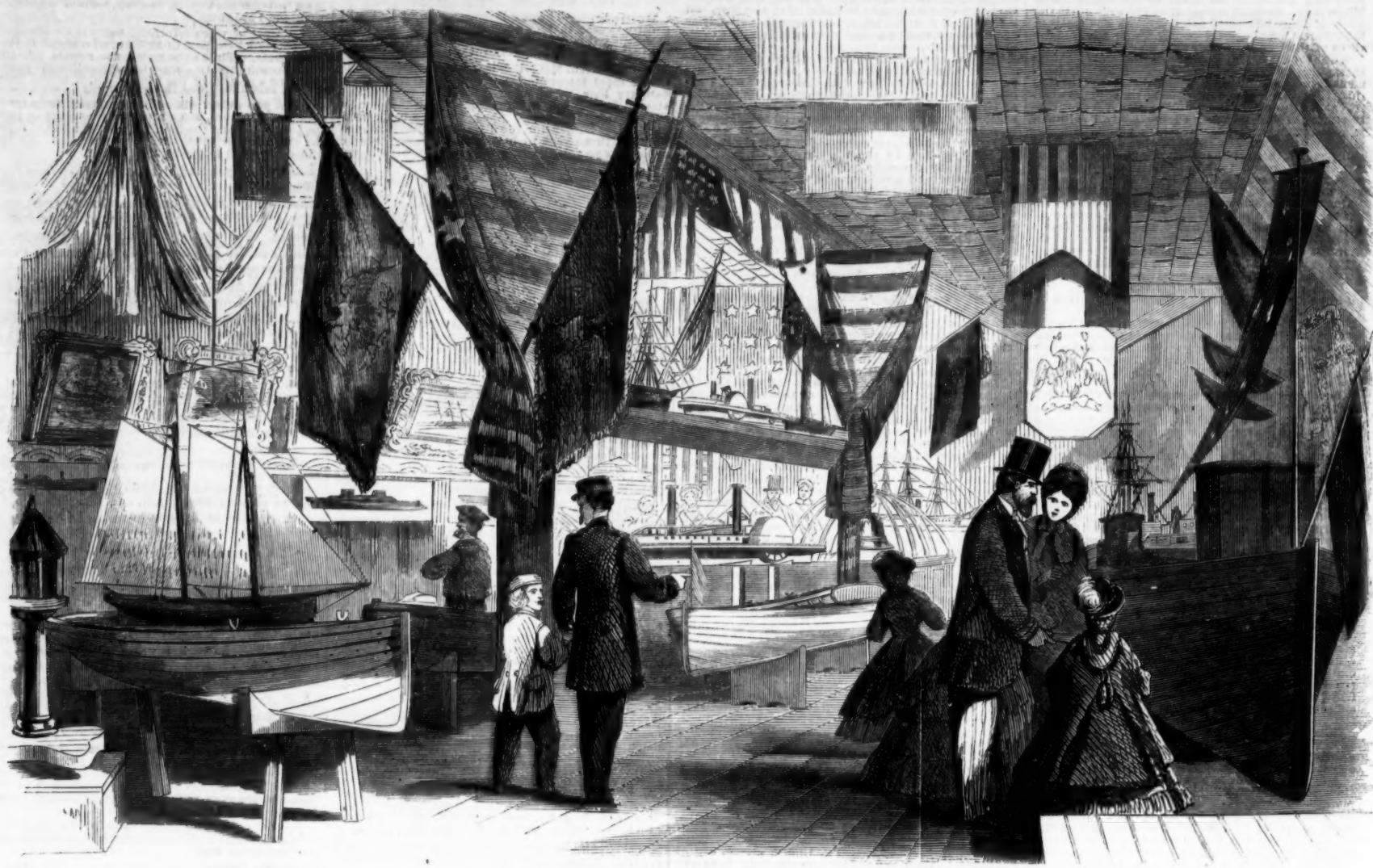
— Mr. Smith O'Brien declined presiding as chairman at a recent meeting of Nationalists in Ireland, alleging that their behavior was more like that of a "mob of ruffians" than that of reasonable men and patriots. In his letter he advises the misguided young men who have joined the Fenian Association to abandon it.

— The Swiss are at last entering into the ice trade

and are exporting large quantities to Paris. The ice is carried over the Central railway, some of the blocks weighing 1,500 pounds.

— A priest, when returning home in the evening, was stopped by a band of thieves, who began to rifle his pockets. While so occupied, the rascals, perceiving a French patrol approaching, compelled the priest to intone a portion of the Litany, which he did, they kneeling round him meanwhile, and devoutly responding *Ore pro nobis!* The soldiers taking them for a group of devotees, many of whom thus pray in public, passed on, and the moment they were out of sight the thieves completed their operation, and left the priest without a single bauble.

— The *Re d*



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE BOAT BUILDERS' DEPARTMENT.

THE STRASBURG CLOCK.

The priests and military have retired, and I am now sitting in a chair facing the gigantic clock, from the bottom to the top not less than 100 feet, and about 30 feet wide and 15 feet deep. Around me are many strangers waiting to see the working of this clock as it strikes the hour of noon. Every eye is upon the clock. It now wants five minutes to twelve. The clock has struck and the people are gone, except a few whom the sexton or head man, with a wand and a sword, is conducting round the building.

The clock has struck in this way: The dial is some 20 feet from the floor, on each side of which is a cherub or little boy, with a mallet, and over the dial is a small bell; the cherub on the left strikes the first quarter, that on the right the second quarter. Some 50 feet above the dial, in a large niche, is a huge figure of Time, a bell is in his left, a scythe in his right hand. In front stands a figure of a young man with a mallet, who strikes the third quarter on the bell in the hand of Time, and then turns, and then glides, with a slow step, round behind Time; then comes out an old man with a mallet and places himself in front.

As the hour of twelve comes the old man raises his mallet and deliberately strikes twelve times on the bell, that echoes through the building, and is heard all round the region of the church. The old man glides slowly behind Father Time, and the young man comes on ready to perform his part as the time comes round again. Soon as the old man has struck twelve and disappeared, another set of machinery is put in motion, some 20 feet higher still.

It is thus: There is a high cross with the image of Christ on it. The instant twelve is struck one of the apostles walks out from behind, comes in front, turns, facing the cross, bows and walks on around to his place. As he does so another comes out in front, turns, bows and passes in. Sixteen apostles, figures as large as life, walk round, bow and pass on. As the last appears an enormous cock, perched on the pinnacle of the clock, slowly flaps his wings, stretches forth his neck and crows three times, so loud as to be heard outside the church to some distance, and so naturally as to be mistaken for a real cock. Then all is as silent as death.

No wonder this clock is the admiration of Europe. It was made in 1531, and has performed these mechanical wonders ever since, except about 50 years, when it stood out for repair.

A LETTER FROM PARIS TO THE MANCHESTER EXAMINER tells of a visit paid to Madame Grisi, who, with her husband, Mario, is now residing in the magnificent mansion they have recently built and furnished in the Champs Elysées, at a cost of something like 2,000,000 francs. The great artist, we are told, was to be seen "wandering about the splendid mansion, attired in brown velvet, à la 'Lucrezia Borgia,' looking the very personification of royalty—the furniture of the saloons, all after the old fashion, with oak carvings, sombre tapestries and massive gildings, assisting to complete the illusion." In the midst of so much luxury, which a long and arduous career has secured, Grisi still sighs for the excitement of public life. Her voice is wonderfully fresh, and in personal appearance she is equally remarkable. "Ma voglio cantare" is the leading theme of her discourse; and she declares that as soon as the time expires under the arrangement made with Gye, by which she bound herself not to sing in London, the voice of "Norma" shall again be heard in the great city. This will be at the end of 1865.

DR. WHEWELL, walking in Hamilton's garden at Cobham, expressed his surprise at the prodigious growth of the trees.

"My dear sir," replied Hamilton, "remember they have nothing else to do."

THE CROW A PINE TREE PLANTER.—J. Thomson, of Leeds, says, in the *Gardener's Chronicle*, that "In one of the pineclad straths of the Highlands of Scotland I have frequently seen great numbers of crows pass over my head, carrying in their bills to a neighboring hill something like a potato. I first thought that they did actually carry potatoes there for the convenience of eating them; but on a closer observation I saw them dig a hole in the ground with their beaks and then deposit what appeared to be a potato, but which, on examination, proved to be cones from fir trees. For what purpose they planted them there I am unable to say, but the result was that in a few years young firs began to spring up in all directions. A beginning thus made, the hill was planted and inclosed, and is now covered with a beautiful and thriving plantation of firs."

AT a recent ball in Paris the Marquis de Boissy, who married the Countess Guiccioli, appeared in his grandfather's coat. The Emperor said, "Marquis, that coat makes you very conspicuous!" "Yes, sire," returned the crazy old aristocrat, "and if your Majesty were to appear in your grandfather's coat you would be as conspicuous as I am." This allusion to Louis Napoleon's humble origin caused only a smile.



THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR—THE CURIOSITY SHOP.—SEE PAGE 81.

THE NEW SONG.

BY WILLIAM ROSS WALLACE.

We must have a new song: but of what shall it be?
Of the plighted at twilight beside the lone tree?
Pressing hands, breathing vows, sheening all things with gold,
Doing just as the world did in ages of old?

We must have a new song: shall it ring with the fight—
Bounding on, burning on for the wrong and the right,
While the Earth shudders wild at their terrible tread,
And the proud sun, uncaring, looks down on the dead?

We must have a new song: shall it bubble with mirth,
Like a fountain's coil leaping to sunlight from Earth?
Or with sorrow shall all its long measures be breathed,
Like a lone, rayless river through caves darkly wreathed?

We must have a new song: yet, oh, try as we will,
The themes will but bear the same old burdens still—
Troth, battle, ambition, star-breathed or cloud-hurled,
Since the Devil and Michael fought for the world.

We must have a new song: then, a theme give in this—
But one moment o'er the whole of Earth's sod:
Oh, then may you hear a New Song of such bliss
That its stream might have burst from the mountain of God!



Oh, Vision of Glory!—Beam, Spirit of Love,
With the red sabre broken, Heaven's bow
round thee curled,
Looking up, without tears, to the WHITE HOME above,
From the rose-wreathing homes of a war-wearied world!

Rudolph Bosler's Pipe; OR, THE MYSTERY OF THE BLACK BOAR.

By John L. Zieber.

THERE were assembled one evening at the Black Boar Tavern, at Heidelberg, some half dozen cattle drovers, who had just profitably disposed of their stock, and had come to the tavern—their usual resort—to count their proceeds.

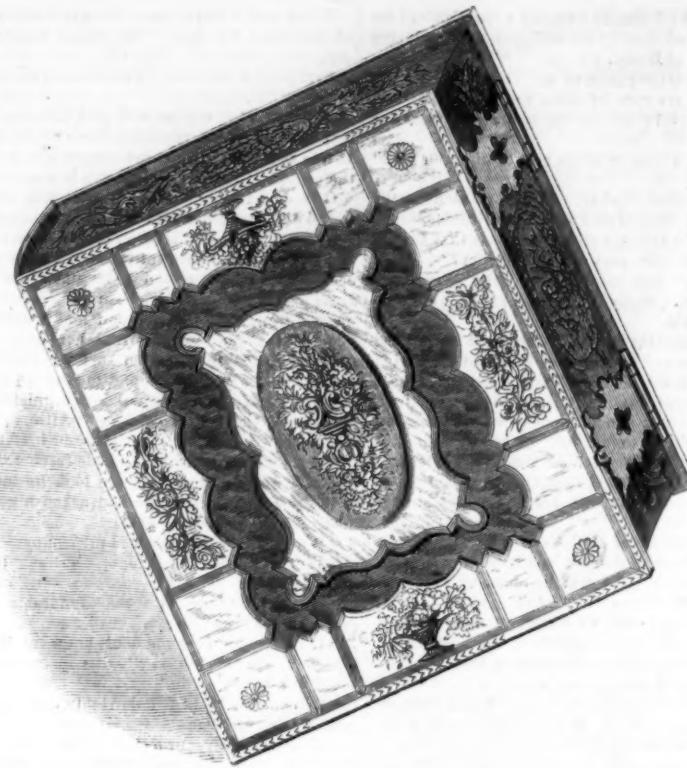
They were all acquaintances, although they did business separately. The room they sat in was a sort of private apartment; not strictly so, but to which no stranger had access, especially during the meetings of the drovers.

On the evening mentioned only one other person beside themselves was present; a sleepy-looking fellow, named Rudolph Bosler. He was about forty years of age, and known to the inhabitants of Heidelberg. Rudolph was a constant visitor at the Black Boar, and, consequently, was well known to all who resorted there. He was an especial favorite with the cattle drovers, to whom he usually related tales and legends of the Black Forest and Hartz Mountains.

Bosler was never seen without his pipe, a long-stemmed and broad-bowed one. He usually sat at one end of the table smoking, while the drovers occupied the other end. He watched them intently as they heaped their coins of gold in piles of equal amounts on the table before them, and occasionally he would take the pipe from his mouth, and touch one of the piles of gold with the bowl, and say:

"There are but eleven on that pile."

Sometimes the drover insisted there were a dozen, and to prove his words he would count



PHOTOGRAPH ALBUM PRESENTED BY THE EMPLOYEES OF MESSRS E. & H. T. ANTHONY TO THE METROPOLITAN SANITARY FAIR.—SEE PAGE 81.

them, and the result was always in Rudolph's favor. He then gave a quiet chuckle at the perplexity of the man, and replacing his pipe—the stem in his mouth, and the broad, heavy bowl in his right hand for support, he would resume his smoking and watching, ever and anon correcting the counters, always indicating the deficient pile by touching it with the bowl of his pipe. He was enabled to do this by reason of the extreme length of the stem. He could not have reached the money with his hand from where he sat. He had always maintained a respectable distance from the piles of coin while the drovers were engaged in counting it. After that was over they always had a merry time over some Rhine wine with Herr Rudolph, who always paid his way with the rest, and regaled them with his inexhaustible stock of stories.

Rudolph Bosler was the life of the Black Boar, and an ever welcome companion to all who knew him. He was a bachelor, and might have remained one to his dying day had not the black eyes of the daughter of mine host of the Black Boar played the deuce with his heart and taken it captive.

Mina Casper was a pretty brunette of twenty summers, and secretly loved a young man of her neighborhood, who waited till he could call a hundred guilders his own, when he would demand Mina's hand from her father.

Heinrich Casper, her father, knew nothing of her attachment to the handsome Fritz Wolff, and when Rudolph Bosler asked to pay his court to the pretty Mina he received the full consent of her father, to the overwhelming grief of the daughter.

"Father," she would say, "I cannot think of marrying a man old enough to be my father. He

is good enough, I don't doubt, but I can't love him."

"So you think now," her father would reply, "but once his wife you will soon learn to know your duty."

But Mina was as firmly resolved not to marry Herr Bosler as her father was that she should. She at once wrote a letter to her lover, who served in a town some two days' travel from Heidelberg. She stated how matters stood, and urged him to come to her aid, if he could do so without incurring the loss of his place.

Fritz needed no second bidding, but at once resigned his situation, and returned to his native place.

He and Mina met, and held a serious consultation, which ended in Fritz obtaining a situation in the house of Heinrich Casper, who did not know that he had voluntarily admitted an enemy into the camp. The young folks had kept their loves a profound secret from all, and now being inmates of the same house, they took care not to arouse the suspicions of the landlord, which might mar all their plans for the future and hasten the catastrophe they so earnestly strove to avert.

"Resist all his advances," Fritz would say to his sweetheart, "and if it comes to the worst, and the old fellow is determined to marry you, I'll manage to serve him a trick which will at least delay his wedding-day."

Fritz had been a servant at the Black Boar about two months when our story opens.

The drovers had nearly completed their counting on the evening in question when one of them remarked:

"Rudolph Bosler has a quick eye, and can de-

tect miscounts well. I should like to have him tell us now how he does it, by the size of the pile or by seeing us count wrong?" Then addressing the man directly, he said, "Tell us, Rudolph, how is it?"

"I have nothing to do but watch you and discover the mistake," was the quiet reply.

"Could you detect one among a dozen or more placed in a row, if all had an equal number save that one?" was the next question.

"Yes," replied Bosler.

"From where you sit?"

"Yes."

The drover arranged some fifteen piles of gold in rows, and asked Rudolph to point out the one that had eleven. The smoker touched six of them before he hit on the pile containing the odd number. His guesses were at an interval of a minute or so. After placing his pipe on one, and a shake of the head from the drover would indicate that it was the wrong one, Rudolph would place the stem in his mouth and the bowl in his right hand—as was his custom—and giving a few whiffs, he would repeat the operation until the right pile had been touched.

Several days after the last-named drover came to the landlord of the Black Boar, and made the following mysterious inquiries:

"Have you any suspicious persons attached to your tavern?"

"Explain yourself," was the response.

"I have lost nearly one hundred guilders since I stopped at your house last, and I can't for my life see how it could have happened. I must have been robbed in your house."

"Such a grave charge is hard to bear," remarked the landlord; "were it known that a robber visited my tavern I should lose all my custom. Let me hear your reasons for thinking the robbery took place under my roof."

"I had twenty packages of gold, each one containing twelve pieces, save one. When I came to pay them away for cattle yesterday five of the rolls contained but eleven pieces!"

"And are you certain you counted them right?" asked Casper.

"Quite certain, for Rudolph Bosler was present, and nothing escapes his quick eye," was the reply.

"You slept in your old room?" queried Casper.

"Yes."

"And bolted your door inside?"



The Drovers robbed of another Guilder.

"I always do so," was the reply.

"It is past my comprehension," said the host; "however, I shall keep a sharp lookout on the inmates, and see if I cannot detect the robber—providing he is in the house. In the meantime say nothing of this; if the money is not recovered in a fortnight I will pay you all you have lost."

"You, Heinrich Casper!" exclaimed the drover, in surprise, as he regarded the landlord suspiciously.

"I've said so, and I'll keep my word," said Casper.

"But why should you do so?" asked the drover.

"To save the reputation of my house," replied the landlord.

"Very well," was the rejoinder. "I hope you may discover the robber, for your sake as well as my own."

The drover left the house, half suspecting the landlord of the Black Boar for the robber himself, a suspicion he subsequently imparted to his companions in trade, who, with one accord, agreed to patronise some other tavern should they meet with a similar loss during their sojourn at the Black Boar.

A month later eight of them met on the same evening at the tavern of Heinrich Casper, and he, not having discovered the thief, and consequently not recovering the money stolen from the drover, paid that person one hundred guilders out of his savings.

The drover took the money, and was more firmly convinced that Casper was in some manner connected with the robbery. They agreed to lay a trap for him that night after retiring.

After supper they went to the room to count their gold, Rudolph being present, and, as usual, with his unwieldy pipe in his mouth and hand. The robbery was made known to him, admonishing him to keep the affair a secret. Rudolph was astonished at the disclosure, but he stoutly took the part of Heinrich Casper. "No man more honest than he could be found in Heidelberg."

The gold lay in piles on the table before the men and the process of counting began. Rudolph



Arrest of the Thief and his mysterious Pipe.

smoked and watched as usual, occasionally indicating a short pile, and never making a mistake.

One of the men was an expert fellow, and he prided himself on his accuracy in counting. One pile touched by Rudolph as short of the required number the man insisted on containing twelve.

"Count them," said Rudolph, quietly replacing the stem of his pipe in his mouth.

The pile was counted, and there were but eleven! The man looked perplexed; he was positive he had counted twelve; however, there were only eleven, and no one had touched them to remove any; in fact, it could not have been done without being seen by all around the table.

The drover grew suspicious of some trick about the table, and proceeded to examine it thoroughly, but the innocent piece of furniture was only an ordinary table, and contained no secret recesses or spring-traps. Rudolph laughed when the drover had concluded his search, and said:

"No, no, Herr Klein, it is no fault of that poor table, it lies in your wrong counting."

"I usually count right," replied Klein.

"That no one gainsays," said Rudolph, "but the best of us err sometimes."

Klein finished the counting of his money, packed it up and left the room, bestowing a curious glance on the smoker and his pipe. Calling the landlord on one side he held a whispered conversation with him for some ten minutes, the landlord shaking his head as if incredulous at what Klein had said to him. The drover went out into the yard, and encountering Fritz drew him into conversation. The eyes of the young man sparkled as the drover appeared to explain something to him, and finally they parted, shaking hands on some bargain they had evidently made.

That evening Fritz was unusually animated, and meeting Mina he announced to her that he had a fair prospect soon to claim her hand.

"It must be soon then," said she, with tears in her eyes, "for my father said this morning that Rudolph was getting impatient of delay, and demanded my hand within two weeks."

"Put it off that long," said her lover, "and one of two things I'll promise you; either Rudolph will give up his pretensions to your hand or I shall run away with you, and marry you in spite of him and your father."

Mina smiled a little at Fritz's earnestness, but she saw nothing short of a miracle that would save her from the impending misery her father had planned for her.

"Trust in Providence," was the parting salutation of her lover, as he left her in tears.

* * * * *

It was the night before the wedding between Rudolph and Mina was to take place. The drovers, ten in number, arrived at the Black Boar.

Rudolph was in a merry mood this evening; he had evidently been drinking freely during the day.

The drovers had all learned of the contemplated wedding, and they congratulated him, wishing him many happy years and a numerous family. Klein insisted on drinking a bottle of wine with him, and Rudolph, nothing loth, consented.

After the bottle was finished the ringing of gold was heard, as the drovers laid their respective piles on the table.

Rudolph, as usual, pointed out short piles, and amid many laughs at their own stupidity the merry drovers packed up their gold, and stowed it away in bags, which they then secured about their persons.

Klein was the last one to remove his money; he had ten piles, and putting them in a circle, he asked Rudolph could he point out the short one. The smoker touched eight of the ten before he guessed the odd one.

"Now I shall count them over again," said Klein, "in order to make sure of being right."

The drover did so, and found seven of the piles with only eleven pieces! and the short one had but ten instead of eleven pieces; the two piles that had not been touched by Rudolph's pipe had twelve pieces. Here was a mystery!

Klein looked at his companions, who in turn looked at him, while Rudolph Bosler sat smoking his pipe, regarding all with a quiet demeanor.

Klein cast an anxious glance at the door leading into the bar-room, as if he expected the entrance of some one. Presently the door opened, and Fritz entered, followed by two policemen. Before the party could recover from their surprise the officers had seized Rudolph Bosler, and taking his pipe from him placed a pair of handcuffs on his wrists.

"Gentlemen," cried he, pale as a sheet, "what can you mean to offer me this violence?"

"You'll find out presently," was the reply.

They took him before a magistrate, where his person was searched and some two dozen pieces of gold found on him. The pipe was handed to the magistrate, who, after examining it, gave his head a solemn shake, and darted a furious glance at the prisoner.

Rudolph Bosler was at once committed to prison.

Now to explain the mystery of Bosler's arrest.

The drover Klein felt a sort of dislike to Rudolph, and had it not been for the rest of the drovers would have objected to his presence during the counting and packing of their money. Finally, it entered his head that it was a strange occurrence that he and his companions should make so many miscounts, which should always first be detected by Rudolph Bosler.

The more he thought of it the stranger it appeared. Resolving not to say anything to his comrades, he closely watched the sleepy smoker one evening, and although he could detect the mode adopted by the thief, he could not positively swear that Rudolph took the money.

However, he saw enough to convince him that Rudolph Bosler had made it a practice to pilfer from them at every meeting, and he vowed to lay a

trap for him and bring the thief to condign punishment.

To do this effectually he made a *confidante* of the landlord, and had great difficulty in convincing that person of Rudolph's guilt.

"I can scarcely believe it," remarked Casper; "but if you are sure of what you tell me I shall afford you every aid in my power to detect the rogue."

"Have you time to watch him to-night for me?" asked Klein.

"No," replied Casper. "I am all alone in the bar, but any other time I am at your service."

"Have you any one about the house that I could rely on to take the part of a spy on him?"

"I have," was the reply. "Fritz Wolff, my man-servant, a likely lad; he will answer your purpose, I'm sure."

Klein sought the lover of Mina, and during the interview learned how matters stood between Mina and him. Klein obtained Fritz's promise to aid him in catching Bosler in the act, then gave him a promise to effect a compromise with Casper, as for their faces were hidden as they swept by. But the lady on the front seat turned upon me, I thought, a peculiarly ardent glance from her deep brown eyes—a glance that seemed to take in my whole being with its fiery sweep, and to read my heart to the core. Her companion I recognised as a member of the last Legislature at Albany; a man with whom I had some dealings during the late session, and for whom I had little respect. I saw her turn to him, and from the look he instantly bent upon me I knew she had asked him who I was. I did as much for her.

"Who's that, Joe?" I asked my companion.

"What? Who?" said Joe, who was looking another way.

"In that carriage with the Honorable Snodgrass. Who is she?"

"It's possible, now, you don't know the Broughton—our belle this season?" with an emphasis on the "our."

"Your belle?" said I, inquiringly, for I was but a day or two arrived.

"Why, certainly, our belle. There's two parties you must know, as usual—with a blonde and a brunette—blue-eyed and dark-eyed. I go the blonde every time. I've a passion for brown eyes."

"Have you?" said I; "well, now, my favorite color is blue. Violet eyes and all that, you know. Highly poetical. Did you ever hear of a dark-eyed angel, my boy? It's incongruous. Azure skies, blue eyes, and angels, always go together, you know."

"Oh, I suppose it's all right. Tastes differ. I don't go poetry very strong, you're aware; and as for angels, why, so long as I'm in the flesh I prefer a woman to an angel any day. But if you want to enlist in the ranks of the blue-eyed belle, I'll take pleasure in introducing you."

"When?" I asked, following the brown-eyed belle with my eyes.

"To-night, at the Congress hop. You'll find her a lovely creature, I confess. I do justice to the enemy. I expect you to fall in love with her."

"I am crazy to know her," said I, enthusiastically, my gaze still bent on the receding carriage of the blonde.

"They say she's quite a taste for your style of fellow, too—fond of talking art and poetry; and all that. Swillis is very sweet on her, they say." (Swillis was a poet.)

"Ah, a blue-stocking! Would that I were by her side!" and I heaved a little sigh, for the carriage and the brown eyes were out of sight.

That night Joe was as good as his word. I danced with the blue-eyed. Her name was Belle Smith. She evidently thought me a rather shallow young man, for I was *distrait*, and talked cut-and-dried nonsense at her without the least idea what I said. The fact is, I was looking for the brown-eyed.

I found her at last, surrounded by a circle of admirers, among whom was the Honorable Snodgrass.

Joe led her on for the quadrille, presently. When he had seated her again, I rushed to him.

"Introduce me!" I whispered, eagerly.

"Why, I thought I had!" said he, opening wide his black eyes.

"Yes, I know—to the Smith. But I want to be introduced to the enemy."

"Oh! certainly," and we walked that way.

"Wait until that confounded Snodgrass is out of the way," I whispered.

"Oh, don't mind him. Come on! Miss Broughton, Mr. White."

She raised her queenly eyes and gave me a thrilling look.

"I warn you!" said Joe to the lady; "White's a spy in our camp. He's a believer in blue eyes, angels and poetry."

The impudent scamp! I pinched his arm fiercely; and then tried to rally my wits for a counter-stroke to this ugly hit. But before I had opened my lips her voice fell on my ear, sweet as a bell, soothing and low.

"So am I, Mr. White. We shall agree capitally."

Thought I, that's done better than I could have done for myself; and I held my peace accordingly.

She turned away from me almost at the instant, to listen to Snodgrass. Hang the fellow!

I found before the week had ended that Miss Broughton had selected me for a flirtee. I was not vain enough to ascribe this honor to any other cause than the peculiar manner of my introduction; for I knew what trifles will often give direction to the feminine fancy.

I led a happy life.

"By George, Ned," said Beecher one morning, "you're a deserter. I leave you safe in the blue camp, and the next I know you are one of the most faithful of the browns. How's this? Angels are succumbing to flesh and blood—eh?"

"Pshaw, Joe," I replied to this, sally; "don't you place too much faith in my loyalty to your queen. I am a student of human nature, you know; and being prettily grounded in the angelic, don't wonder if I take a notion to look into the 'earth-earthly' a little. Have you a cigar?"

"Beware lest you become a convert to the new

faith, then," said Joe, as he took the weed. "Give's a light, will you?"

One evening, at twilight, we sat—the brown-eyed and I—by one of the windows of her private parlor, holding delicious chat. This was early in our acquaintances. Presently a dark shadow loomed at our side, and the coarse voice of Snodgrass broke the sacred quiet.

"Charming evening, Miss Broughton! How are you, White?"

I nodded to him.

"How you startled us, Mr. Snodgrass!" said the belle. (Yes, she said "us.") "Won't you be seated?"

"Naw, thank you," said he; "been taking a nap; don't feel very tired; stretch my legs."

Then he began a dawdling conversation on one thing and another of no interest or consequence; and Miss Broughton talked to him without dressing a syllable to me.

There was something in the fellow's air which jarred harshly on my nerves—a sort of an indefinable assumption of authority there, as if he had a right to monopolise the lady's conversation; while she, on her part, actually seemed to be quietly recognising his right, and doing her best to please him.

Finding that I was being quietly ignored, I was about to withdraw, when I felt a gentle tap on my hand, which rested on the window-ledge. The lady was slipping her closed fan to and fro between her fingers, and every time it fell it touched my hand.

The twilight deepened. Snodgrass suggested lights.

"Oh, no! Pray, don't," said Miss Broughton. "I do love the twilight, so."

"But it's actually getting dark."

"Oh, it's no matter. Let us enjoy it a little longer—do."

And as she said it I felt her little hand creep along the window-ledge, till its soft side rested against my own, while she tapped away idly with her fan.

Mischief little hand, how its soft touch thrilled me! Remember, I was already adoring her. Already her warm eyes had built a fire in my heart; and now to have this velvety bit of her touching my fingers! Flesh and blood! Oh, Joe!

Of course she was utterly unaware that her hand was against mine. Or did she do it purposely, to hold me by her side—at her feet, as it were—while she chatted charmingly to Snodgrass? "You wretched little coquette," I murmured to myself, "is that it?"

I resolved to test the matter. Emboldened by the darkness I raised my hand an inch or so, and rested the side of my hand upon the back of hers. She instantly moved it nearer, and nestled the bit of warm flesh under my eager palm, at the same time spreading her fan so as to hide the performance. I gave one gentle downward pressure of my palm—upon my life I could not help it!—and then rose abruptly.

"Going out, White?" said Snodgrass, taking my vacant chair.

I stammered something about an appointment, and left the room.

"Good evening, Mr. White," in her sweet voice, came through the open door as I disappeared.

"Confound the arrant flirt!" I muttered to myself, and strode out into the street.

The first thing I did was to get a position where I could see that window. "Snodgrass's hand comes next, I suppose," thought I.

But I found that my departure was the signal for lights. They had withdrawn from the window.

Our flirtation got on swimmingly. It was not long before I had reached the point which allowed me to take that fairest of hands in my own and press it to my lips.

Oh! happy memories!

Did you ever flirt at the Springs with the reigning belle, reader? Well, then, you know. As for those who have not, I despair of conveying any adequate conception of the fascinations of the amusement.

All things have an end, and the time came at last for departure from the Springs. How well I remember that last evening with her I loved! Yes, I did love her; and she professed to love me, too, though not with the deep enthusiasm of my own stormy nature, I fancied. We were in her drawing-room alone; and it was another twilight. We sat on a *tête-à-tête* in shadow, but not to-night before the window.

"Eddie," she said, "we must part now, and I cannot see you alone again. Others will be here this evening, and to-morrow morning you know I take the early train for Albany."

"Yes, I know. I wish this hour could last for ever, my Berdie! My heart will rest in shadow after you are gone."

"You have my address. You will not forget me?"

"Forget you? Oh, Berdie! why will you not promise to be my wife?"

"I cannot promise. Wait till you see me in my home."

"You bid me hope?"

"I—"she hesitated. Then she said, "yes, I bid you hope. I can say no less."

She rose as she spoke, and I understood the meaning of the movement.

"Good-bye, Berdie. I love you—you know how I love you—and I may hope."

"Good-bye, dear Eddie, till we meet again."

Her head rested for a moment on my shoulder—her heart beat for a moment against mine—and then I left her.

It was my first parting with any woman that I had truly loved, and it shook me strangely. But I determined it should not be a long separation.

She lived in one of the beautiful villages on the Hudson side. My own home was in New York.

CHAPTER II.

Two weeks had elapsed when I visited Londale, booked myself at the hotel, and strolled up the street leading to the Broughton residence.

In a few minutes I sat in an elegant parlor by my Berdie's side, with her kiss warm upon my lips.

Half an hour later, as I held her hand in mine and looked into those deep brown eyes, I said to her:

"Berdie, I have seen you in your home. That condition is fulfilled. Now will you tell me—will you be my wife?"

She bowed her beautiful head upon my shoulder, but was silent.

"Tell me, my own," I whispered, with an expectant thrill, "does this mean yes?"

She raised her head quickly, and drew away from me with a strange, frightened look in her eyes.

"Oh, why do you make me tell you?" she said, distress in her tone.

"Tell me? What?" I whispered.

"I am to be married next month," she exclaimed, with an effort.

I started to my feet.

"To whom?" I asked.

"To Mr. Snodgrass," she answered, her eyes upon the floor.

I stood gazing on her, astounded.

She glanced up timidly at me, and smiled, as if she would disarm my face of its frown.

I turned to go.

She sprang forward and threw her arms about my neck.

"Eddie," she cried, "I cannot help it—indeed I cannot. Do not be angry with me. You will break my heart if you leave me so, for I can never see you again."

"And why should you care whether you see me again or not?" I asked, in a chilling tone.

"Oh, I do care! My heart is not dead! You must not go away and be angry with me. For pity's sake! Have you no forgiveness?"

"What need I forgive?"

"My deceit! I have deceived you, Eddie. I commenced a flirtation with you because at the Springs everybody flirts; and when I found out that I loved you I could not let you go till I was compelled to. I deceived you, for I was engaged to Mr. Snodgrass all the time. Oh, how wicked, how wicked I have been!"

She sank upon the sofa and burst into an agony of tears.

I stood silent, shaken by a tumult of contending passions. I could not at that moment bestow sympathy upon the woman who had so bitterly wronged me.

"No! Don't go away angry," she pleaded, raising her head and showing her brown eyes full of sparkling tears. "I cannot bear it. Be my friend still, Eddie. I know I am selfish to ask it of you, you whose rich love I have insulted; but you are good, you are generous, promise that you will not be my enemy, not hate me. Oh, forgive me, for I am sincerely repentant; and believe me, in spite of all that seems, that you are dear to me, and always will be dear to me."

I could not but pity her—that queenly woman, bowed before me in tears, supplicating for the poor boon of my friendship. I gave it.

"Yes, I will be your friend," I said, "and I will think of you kindly. My loss I will bury deep down in my heart and try to bear the sorrow from which my life has been hitherto free. My friend, I forgive you all."

"Cold, cold word!" she murmured, dreamily, with clasped hands, and then she lifted her head and said: "I thank you—oh, how I thank you! You are good and true."

"And now good-bye," I whispered; I could not speak aloud.

She drew a brilliant diamond from her finger, and said, in a low tone:

"Eddie, will you take this ring and give me that upon your finger?"

It was a plain gold cirolet that I wore, and I looked at her hesitatingly.

"Please do," she added; "and let this be a sign of our friendship. I may never see you on earth again, or if I do it may be in a position where we cannot exchange words. If such a meeting should occur look at my hand, and if you see your ring slipped half-way off my finger answer that mute sign of my continued regard for you by slipping the diamond partly off, as I do your ring. By that sign, whatever our circumstances, I shall know that you are my friend."

I acquiesced, and we parted so.

Years fled:

"And no man can be always sad
Unless he wills to have it so."

Time did the work of healing upon my wounded heart, and though I did not love again and did not marry I was at last able to remember her calmly.

CHAPTER III.

It was eight years before I saw Berthene Broughton again.

I returned in midwinter from a long, long ramble to the distant corners of the world. I had almost forgotten that early fancy at the Springs. Mrs. Snodgrass was now no more to me than any other woman of my past acquaintance.

One night I went to the opera—alone. The theatre was gay with fashion and beauty. Every color of the rainbow shone in the brilliant cloaks and hats, and fluttering fans waved the air, laden with a thousand perfumes. I looked listlessly around upon the sea of faces, but they were all strangers to me; eight years produce great changes in the aspect of the fashionable world.

In the box opposite me I noticed a particularly brilliant party, upon whom many a lorgnette was turned admiringly. Yielding to the prevailing sentiment, I raised my glass to scrutinise the party more closely. There was one woman who seemed

to be the centre of attraction in the little group, and who wore a queenly beauty. There was something familiar about her manner which caused me to look at her still more closely; but I did not recognise the face. My gaze wandered over her faultless costume and graceful figure, and rested upon a hand from which she was withdrawing a spotless glove. The kid removed, a finger was raised and a ring slipped slowly half-way off!

Instantly the link was supplied. I looked at her face again. Yes, it was her.

She raised her hand to her hair, with the still loose ring upon the finger, and seemed to await a reply. I answered the signal with the diamond I wore. Then she faintly beckoned to me, and with her eyes she said even more distinctly:

"Come to me!"

As soon as the act drop fell I left my seat, and crossing the theatre, I entered the box. They were all strangers to me in the box except herself. She said a quiet word of introduction to her friends, and offered me a seat that was vacant at her side.

There was no exhibition on either her part or mine of any other feeling than a commonplace friendship. We spoke on all the most ordinary topics of the season; I do not remember now exactly what they were; they were of no consequence. We called each other simply "Mrs. Snodgrass" and "Mr. White," just as any one would do.

"Is Mr. Snodgrass well?" I asked.

"Quite well, thank you. He will be here before the opera is through to attend me home. He could not stay; he has such a press of business."

"Then it is his seat I occupy?"

"Yes, sir."

In a few minutes I bade her good evening, to return to my seat.

"Good evening, sir," she replied. "I should be happy to have you call and see us. I will give you my address. Why, I have no cards with me! What a blunder! I will write an address on the corner of the playbill; that will answer for all practical needs."

She scribbled with her pencil a moment and thrust the playbill into my hand. When I had returned to my former seat I read it. She had written at a furious pace in that hasty moment, and I could barely decipher the words:

"If there still exists any bitterness in your heart towards me, forgive me now, for your injured love is avenged. Outwardly I am gay, but my laugh mocks the pain of my bursting heart. Oh, I would give worlds could I lay my head on your true breast and cry myself asleep like a little child. I cannot see you—dare not have you call. But if you feel any kindness for me, do me this favor: come often to the opera, and let me look upon your still dear form. This is all the happiness that remains for me on earth. Can you deny me, Eddie?"

I raised my eyes and glanced towards her. She was laughing gaily at Formes in that droll spinning-wheel scene—the opera was Flotow's "Martha." But she glanced towards me, and raised my ring to her lips, then let the fair hand flutter down upon her bosom, above her throbbing heart.

I made no answering signal, but the remainder of the opera fell unheeded on my ear.

Was this coquette? I queried of myself. Or did she really love me so and live a daily lie and wear an hourly mask?

I was an idler, and every night found me at the opera. Each day I thought I should not go again; but each night I went. She was always there, and always pressed my ring to her lips as if to express her gratitude.

Was she only a coquette? How I revolved this question in my mind, and could not solve it.

At last the season ended, and I saw her no more, and was forgetting her again.

One day I received the following note:

"EDDIE—I am free! Come and see me to-night, and I will return your ring, for which I soon shall have no further need. It is the last request of
"BERTHENE."

Her card was enclosed.

So Snodgrass was dead, was he? And now this woman, about to enter society in the rôle of a fascinating young widow, wished to divest herself of my friendship and give me back my ring and take her own. Did she think she could call me straight to her, as a master whistles to his dog? I resolved to wait a week or two before paying my respects.

But when night came and I strolled out upon the steps of my hotel, and pressing on my kids, debated where best to kill the time, a Fifth avenue bus drew up to the curb, and while a passenger entered the driver lifted his finger to me. Such trifling circumstances guide the movements of an idler, and I entered the stage, and left it again at her door.

The servant informed me Mrs. Snodgrass was at home to no one, but when he looked at my card his manner changed, and he said:

"Oh! would you be kind enough to wait a moment?" and ushered me into a drawing-room.

He returned in a minute, and asked me to follow him. Having shown me into a luxurious boudoir, he retired.

So my lady received me in her chamber? I began to feel something very like disgust for the boldness of the woman.

The light was dim, and I did not at first discern objects clearly, for the chamber was a spacious one.

Presently I became conscious of the gaze of a pair of eloquent eyes from a queenly head which rested on a pillow of the bed. She beckoned to me, and I approached.

She raised her snowy arms and folded me to her beating heart, whispering, "Eddie, Eddie! my own Eddie! I knew you would come! No, you shall not break away. I can tell you my love now. Hush! I can speak now, for I am dying. Your head is on my breast, your heart beats with mine. I am so happy—so happy!"

"Dying!"

It was all I could find voice to say.

"Dying! In my Eddie's arms. Happy—so happy!"

Her strength was gone, and her arms dropped lifelessly upon the white sheet.

I was drawing away, but she grasped my hand, and clinging to it, whispered—oh! how earnestly—"Do not leave me!"

Ah! blissful hour of thrilling pain! I can tell no more.

Before midnight her soul passed to the God who gave it. Not once had she relaxed her hold upon my hand.

And that night I knew how much of Berthene Broughton was coquette—how much pure woman. I shall never forget you, lost Berdie!

EXEMPT.

BY JOHN W. WATSON.

GRAN'FATHER! gran'father, hear the good news;

Papa is exempt from the draft!

They gave him a paper to show it is so,

And a man in a uniform laughed.

Now, gran'father, why did the officer laugh,

And why did papa look so sad?

He has proven that he is a month too old,

And it ought to have made him feel glad."

"Why gran'father! why do you knit up your brow,

And frown when you hear the good news?

Had his name gone into the drawing wheel

You wouldn't have father to lose!

There's mother, and you, and Nell, and me,

We ought to be glad that the law

Has said that papa is too old to fight,

And will let him stay home from the war."

"My boy, when the shout of the millions arose,
To answer the tap of the drum,

And the boom of the paricide cannon was heard

To echo the entreaty—'Come!'

Where now would we be had the strength of the

land

Unblushingly gathered aloof?

Our hearths would be dabbled in innocent blood,

And the torch would have fed on the roof.

Where now would the twenty score thousand

have been

Who camp on victorious fields,

And where would have trodden the merciless

foot

Of the traitorous foeman who yields?

The first would have bent to the stroke of the

lash,

Not freemen, but slaves to the slave!

And the last would have stood with his foot on

our necks,

Or spurned us, unwept, to the grave.

"My boy, when our homes are in peril and fear,

And our hearthstones are threatened with

blight,

When Freedom, endangered, is calling her sons,

No man is too old for the fight!

These hands that are withered, and trembling,

and weak,

Had God not required their life,

Would have grasped the old sword in the glori-

ous cause,

And been first in the front of the strife.

"I battled at Erie, and Chippewa field,

At Bridgewater, bloody and hot,

By the side of a handful of death-dealing braves,

Who followed the footsteps of Scott.

We stopped not to think of exemption and home,

We knew the invader was nigh,

And every man who went out to the fight

Was determined to conquer or die.

"There were many among us, my boy, on that day,

That were years upon years too old,

And many exempts by the hand of death,

Who were left there stark and cold.

It was half a century since, my boy,

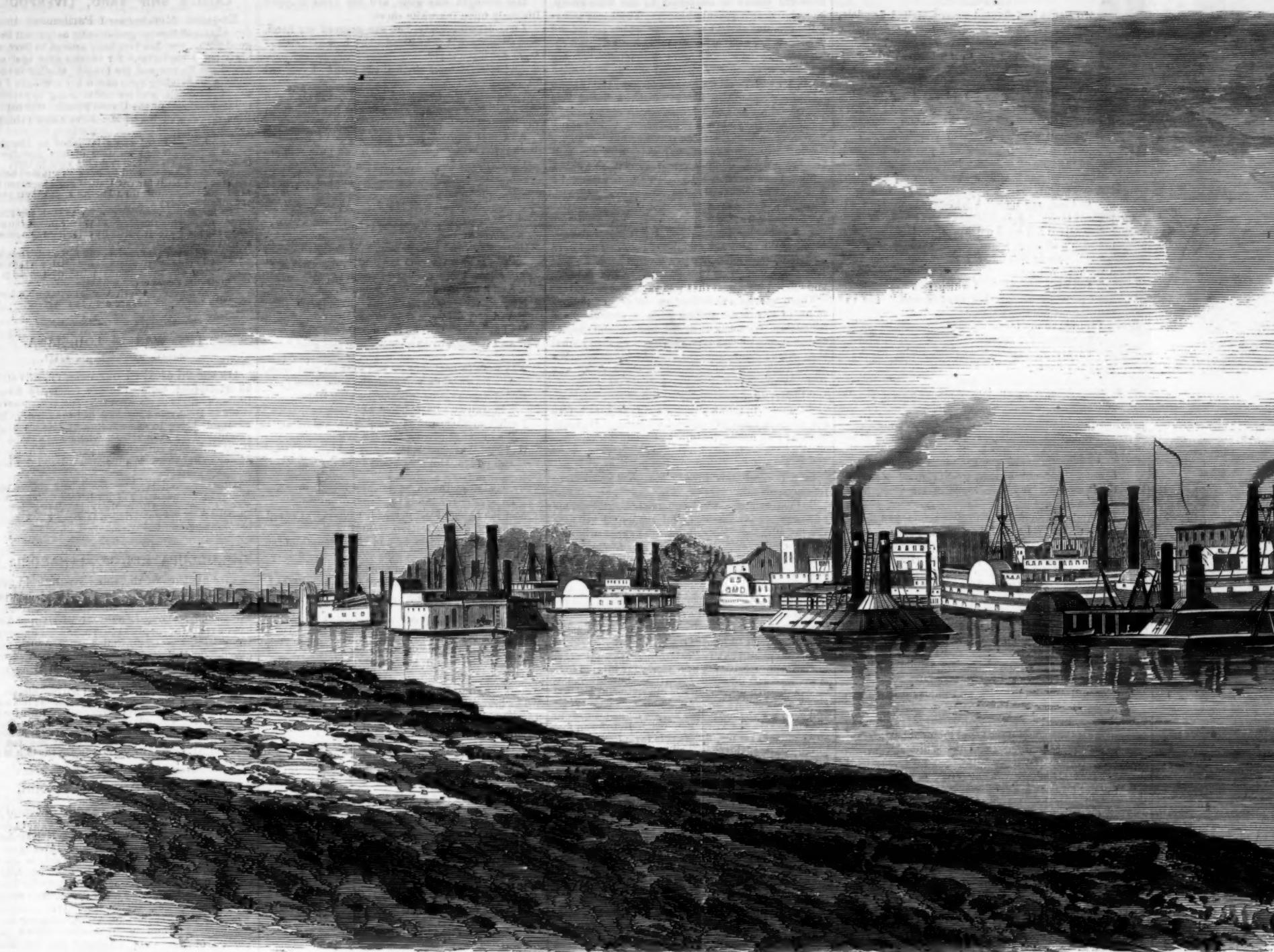
And I had just turned twenty-one;

But the three-score years and ten of my race,

And my battle of life is done.

"Exempt! if this crutch were a musket or sword,

And this arm as it was years ago,



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—COMMODORE PORTER'S FLEET BEFORE ALEXANDRIA, LA.

COTTON IN TEXAS.

THE occupation of Brownsville by our forces has only slightly checked, not stopped, the rebel trade through Mexico. An arrangement has been

made by the rebels with the Mexican authorities, that cotton goes out and goods go into Texas as heretofore. When the compromise was made by the Commissioners with Vidaurri, not less than 6,000 bales of cotton had accumulated at Eagle Pass, 4,000 of which

belonged to the rebel government or officials, and the rest to private individuals. Some 2,000 bales more were on the road from San Antonio, Texas, and still more would be on the way were it not for the fact that sufficient grass cannot be found on the premises

for oxen, so the hauling for the time being has to be done with mule teams.

The contrabands at Matamoras estimate that not less than 30,000 bales of cotton will be got out of Texas, through Mexico (that is, by way of Piedras

Negras, Guerrero, Mier, intermediate points on the Rio Grande, and especially for San Antonio.

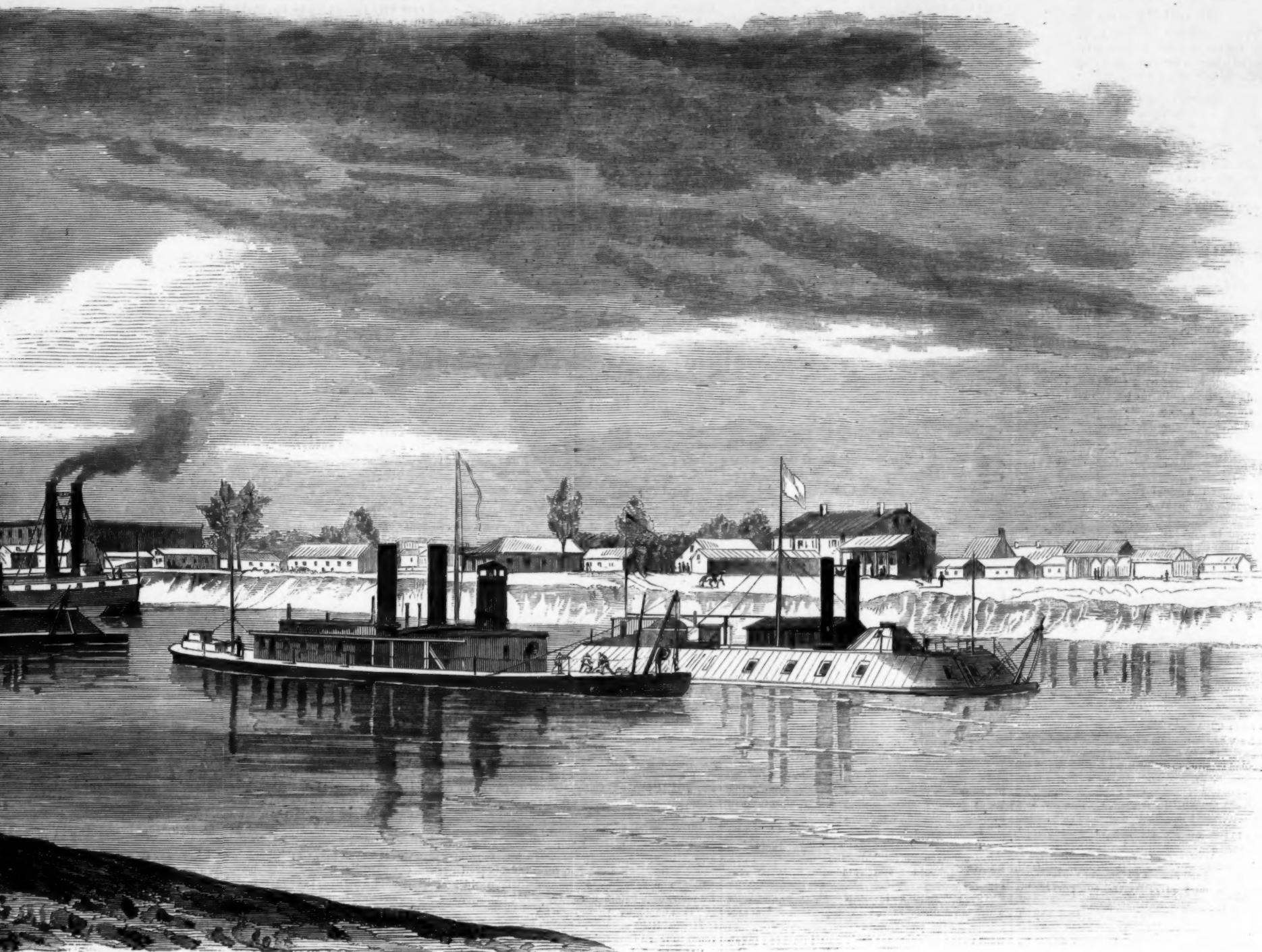
In the meantime, large trains with merchandise for the rebels are continually leaving Matamoras for the Rio Grande, and especially for Piedras Negras. The trade thus far has been diverted, not stopped, by the operations—if they can be so termed—of the Department of the Rio Grande. The only causes operating to restrain it are the disturbed condition of Mexico, and the apprehension that there may be a general war in which will cause a falling price of cotton. It is to be hoped that not a few merchants who have been, are, and expect to be engaged in this trade with the rebels until it is finally broken off. After that, and not before, can we calculate on taking the benefit of the President's amnesty, if that is deemed necessary.

The planters in Texas have the half of their wagons seized by order of Magruder, and the teams were paid for in Confederate money, such a rate as would not cover the cost of the iron used in their construction. They have been much disengaged in this and other matters, and have planted no more corn enough to produce for themselves, their families, and the Confederate paper, when it goes into circulation in Texas, and it has long been current in the valley of the Rio Grande, at three cents per dollar.

The rebels are said to be preparing for Confederate cotton to be sent to San Antonio, with the design of getting it through Mexico with permission to export it, to persons who will take the risk of bringing it through Mexico. They have a agent stationed at Piedras Negras, and have established a post office at Laredo, Mr. Latham, late since C. S. Collector at Brownsville, being their collector at that



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—BATTLE OF CRUMP'S HILL, APRIL 2, BETWEEN GEN. LEE'S CAVALRY AND THE REBELS.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 87.



NDRIA, MARCH 26.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. E. H. BONWILL.—SEE PAGE 87.

rrero, Mier, and other points on the Rio Grande, is broken up, and that done effectually by an ad-

forces from Indiana to

ime, large trains freighted for the rebels, and ex-
trains laden with cotton, are
aving Matamoras for the
ated on the Upper Rio
specially for Piedras Negras.
de thus far has only been
opped, by the "military
they can with propriety
of the Department of the
y causes operating to re-
the disturbed condition of
the apprehension felt that
a general war in Germany,
use a falling off in the
n. It is to be noted that
chants who want to pass
ns of the United States
, and expect to continue
d in this trade with the
is finally brought to a
that, and not before, they
aking the benefit of the
nesty, if that should be
ary.

ns in Texas have lately had
their wagons and teams
er of Magruder. They
in Confederate paper at
would not supply even
l in their construction.
en much discouraged by
or matters, and in con-
planted no cotton, and
ugh to produce bread for
their families and slaves
aper, when it passes at all
it has long ceased to be
valley of the Rio Grande,
ents per dollar!

re said to be making a
nfederate cotton at San
the design of selling it,
o export it, to such per-
ake the risk of getting it
co. They have a cotton
d at Piedras Negras, and
ned a custom-house at
Latham, late U. S., and
ollector at Brownsville,
ector at that point.

AN OLD TITLE UPHELD BY A WESTERN COURT.—We are not accustomed to associate the idea of antiquity with anything Western, except when occasionally we are reminded of the travels and exploits of the French explorers of the 17th century. We see, however, in the Detroit *Advertiser*, a report of a law-

suit in the United States District Court for the eastern District of Michigan, wherein the Court sustained the claim of petitioners in a land case whose rights dated back to a grant of a Seigniory made in 1750 by Louis XV, then King of France, to two French officers. The grant included a large tract of land adjacent to

the Sault St. Mary's river, six leagues in front and six leagues in depth, a very handsome domain. That a Court in the young State of Michigan should recognise rights to land founded in a grant of such comparative antiquity and made by a sovereign of France, is certainly a memorable fact and worthy

of notice, not only as recalling the time when a large portion of the West was under French dominion, but as showing the disposition of an American Court to hold valid titles which originated under a system of jurisprudence in entire conflict with our own.



THE WAR IN LOUISIANA—FORT DE RUSSEY, RED RIVER, CAPTURED MARCH 14.—FROM A SKETCH BY OWEN G. LONG.—SEE PAGE 87.

THE HARP AND THE POET.

BY ERNEST TREVOR.

THE wind, before it woos the harp,
Is but the wild and tuneless air;
But as it passes through the strings,
Thrills into music there.

E'en so the poet's soul converts
The common things that round us lie
Into a glorious world of song—
Divinest harmony!

Sweet harp and poet! framed alike
By God as His interpreters,
To breathe aloud the silent thought
Of everything that stirs.

The Gulf Between Them.

By Mrs. ANN S. STEPHENS.

CHAPTER XXVIII.

THEY were all going out to dine that day, and when Elizabeth came down into the library, dressed, she found her husband sitting moodily over the fire. He looked up as she entered, and it seemed to him that he had never seen her look so beautiful. Her dress was pink, relieved with falls of delicate lace that made her neck and arms look still whiter; her hair was decorated with jewels, and her brilliant dress and loveliness seemed to light the dull room as she entered. The constant excitement which she was undergoing during those days lent a rich crimson to her cheeks, and a strange lustre to her eyes; she looked restless. This splendid beauty was very unlike the calm loveliness of former days, and his gloomy thoughts deepened as he watched her approach.

It seemed to him that her first impulse was to flee when she saw him sitting there, but if so the desire was quickly controlled, and she came up to the hearth, standing so near him that the folds of her dress brushed his arm.

"You are ready too," she said. "Goodness knows how long we shall have to wait for Elsie and Mrs. Harrington!"

He made no answer; she began clasping and unclasping her bracelets, playing with her fan, but watching him all the while from under her downcast lashes.

"Are you unwell, Grantley?" she asked at length.

"Oh! no; quite well."

"You are so silent, and you sit there in such a dreary way, I feared something was the matter."

He made an effort to rouse himself and shake off the oppression on his spirits, the heavy, heavy weight which had lain there all day.

"I am only stupid," he replied, with an attempt at playfulness. "I have been forced to talk so incessantly to those people that I have no ideas left."

"I am sure conversation with people in general doesn't consume one's ideas," she said, with a lightness which appeared almost as forced as his.

"How long does Mrs. Harrington stay?" he asked.

"Only till to-morrow. You don't like her, I fancy?"

"There is too much of her in every way," he said, peevishly; "she dresses too much, talks too much—she tires one."

"That is very cruel and ungrateful; the lady confided to me only a little while ago that she had a profound admiration for you, and was dying to get up a flirtation with you if I did not mind."

"Don't repeat such nonsense," he said, almost rudely, "you know how I hate it. I think either the married man or woman who flirts deserves to be as severely punished as if he or she had committed an actual crime."

"I am afraid you would condemn the greater part of our acquaintance," she said. "After all, with most women it arises only from thoughtlessness, nine times out of ten."

"Thoughtlessness!" he repeated satirically. "I can only say that the woman who endangers her husband's peace from want of thought is more culpable in my mind than a person who does wrong knowingly, pushed on by recklessness or passion."

"I have never thought about it," she said; "it may be so."

She was playing with her bracelets again; the action reminded him of the lost trinket. He did not speak, but a restrained passion broke over his face which might have changed a man she was revolving in her mind had she seen or understood it.

It was too late! At that moment Elsie came dancing into the room, her thin evening dress floating around her like a cloud, her fair hair wreathed with flowers, and everything about her so pure and ethereal that it seemed almost as if she must breathe some more joyous air than the pain-freighted atmosphere which weighed so heavily on others. She was holding her hands behind her, and ran towards them in her childish way, exclaiming:

"I have found something! Who'll give a reward? Won't you both be glad—only guess what it is!"

Mellen's face had brightened a little at her entrance, but as she spoke a sudden thought shook his soul like a tempest.

"What is it?" Elizabeth asked.

"Oh, guess, guess!"

"But I never can guess," she replied, seeming to enter into the sport of the thing.

"You try, Grant. Come, do credit to your Yankee descent!"

He rose suddenly and stood looking full in his wife's face, fixing her glance with a quick thrill of terror, which the least thing unusual in his manner caused her now.

Elsie was not noticing them; she was dancing up and down before the hearth, exclaiming:

"Oh! you provoking things—you stupid owls!"

Now do guess—oh! Grant, just try to tell what I have found."

Mellen's eyes had not moved from his wife's face.

"Have you found Elizabeth's bracelet?" he asked in a tone which made the unhappy woman shiver from head to foot, and startled Elsie out of her playfulness.

"Why, how did you think of that?" demanded Elsie; "did she tell you? Have you—"

She stopped short, the words frozen on her lips by the look which Grantley Mellen still fixed upon his wife. Without changing that steady gaze he extended his hand towards Elsie.

"Give me the bracelet!" he said, in the cold, hard tone which with him was the sure forerunner of a tempest of passion.

Elsie hesitated; she had grown nearly as pale as Elizabeth herself, but she looked only like a frightened child. Elizabeth did not speak or move, but though her face was absolutely deathlike her eyes met her husband's with undimching firmness.

"Give me the bracelet!" repeated Mellen.

"Here it is!" exclaimed Elsie, nervously, putting the trinket in his hand. "What is the matter with you, Grant? I am sure there is nothing to make a fuss about. I found the bracelet among a lot of rubbish in one of Bessie's drawers—I suppose she forgot it was there."

Grantley Mellen turned furiously towards her.

"Are you learning to cheat and lie also?" he cried.

Elsie burst into a passionate flood of tears.

"You are just as cruel and bad as you can be!" she moaned. "You ought to be ashamed to talk to me! I haven't done anything; I thought you would be so pleased at my having found the bracelet, and here you behave in this way. You needn't blame me, Grant—I don't know what it all means! I am sure your dear mamma never thought you would speak to me like that! I wish I was dead and buried by her—then you'd be sorry—"

"I am not angry with you, child," interrupted Mellen, softened at once by that childish appeal.

"Go away and find Mrs. Harrison, Elsie. The falsehood and the treachery are not yours—thank God! at least my own blood has not turned traitor!"

Elizabeth sank slowly in a chair; Elsie stole one frightened look towards her, then the woman in her confusion and dizziness saw her float out of the room, and she was alone with her husband. He held the bracelet up before her eyes, his hand shaking so that the jewels flashed balefully in the light.

"Your plan was carried out too late; you should have had it found before!" he said, and his last effort at self-control was swept away.

She must speak—must try to stem the tide, and keep back a little longer the exposure and ruin which for days back some mysterious warning had made her feel was surely approaching.

"I don't know what you mean," she said. "You heard Elsie say that she found the bracelet—"

"Where you put it!" interrupted Mellen.

"Why should I have hidden it? What reason—"

"Stop!" he broke in. "Not another word—not a single falsehood more! You brought this bracelet back with you from the city—don't speak—I went to the pawnbroker's—it had just been taken away."

In the whirl of that unhappy woman's senses the words seemed to come from afar off; the lights were dancing before her eyes; the flashing gems blinded her with their rays, but she still controlled herself. She must make one last effort—she must discover how much of the truth he knew—there might this time be some loophole for escape—some effort by which she could avert a little longer the coming earthquake.

"Why don't you speak!" he cried. "Say anything—another lie if you will—anything rather than this black truth! That man; you know him! Speak, I say!"

"What man?" she faltered.

"That traitor—that wretch! He had the bracelet; he got it from you! Explain, I say—explain."

"I never gave the bracelet away," she said, desperately. "I have no explanation to make. I will never open my lips while you stand over me in that threatening way."

"Will you defy me to the last?" he exclaimed.

"You can only kill me," she moaned; "do it and let me have peace!"

He flung the bracelet down upon the table, crying out:

"I have loved you so—that I should find you false!"

"What do you suspect?" she demanded.

"What do you know?"

The momentary weakness passed; he stood up again cold and stern.

"I know," he said, "that this bracelet was in the hands of a bad, wicked man; that only yesterday he took it from the pawnbroker's, and now I find it in your possession."

There was a hope; only by another deception; another lie; but she must save herself; while there was a thread to grasp at she could not allow herself to be swept down the gathering storm.

"And is there no possibility that I may be innocent in all this?" she exclaimed. "If I receive an anonymous letter, telling me I can find my bracelet by paying a certain reward, is it not natural that I should go? Knowing your strange disposition, is it not equally natural that I should keep the whole thing a secret, and try to make every one believe that the bracelet had been mislaid?"

"Is this true?" he cried. "Can you prove to me that you speak the truth?"

She was not looking at him; the apathy of despair which came over her looked only like sullen obstinacy.

"I can prove nothing," she said; "if it were possible I would not try. Do what you like;

believe what you please; I will talk with you no longer."

Mellen turned away, and walked up and down the room in silence. There was a fearful struggle in his mind; the love he still felt for his wife was contending against the horrible doubts in his soul, and almost threatening his reason with their force.

He could not tell what to think or how to act! For the moment at least he was glad to grasp at any pretext which might prove a sort of settlement to the question, whatever his thoughts and belief might be on after reflection.

He looked again at Elizabeth; her stony calmness irritated him almost to a frenzy. He was too much excited to perceive that her very quiet was the apathy of despair; it seemed to him that she was only trying her power over him to its full extent; if her story was true she would die rather than humble her pride by protestation or proof; if it was false! There was deceit somewhere, he felt that; but even in his madness he could not believe that Elizabeth had been guilty of anything that affected his honor; that was a black thought which had not reached him yet.

"Are you trying to drive me mad?" he exclaimed.

She lifted both hands with a strange gesture of misery and humiliation which he did not notice, and could not have understood.

"What have I done?" she cried. "What have I said?"

"Nothing! There you sit like a stone, and will not speak."

"It is useless to say anything," she returned; "quite useless."

"And you expect me to leave this matter here; to endure this mystery patiently?"

"I expect nothing—nothing!"

The same dreary, desperate wail pervaded her voice, but it was not strange that he mistook her coldness for obstinacy or indifference; the very intensity of the agony she was enduring made her appear thus.

"You won't explain—you won't—"

She drooped her head wearily.

"I have no explanation to make; there is the bracelet."

He caught up the bracelet, snatched her arm so rudely, and fastened the bracelet on it with such reckless haste, that she uttered a faint cry of pain.

"You hurt me," she exclaimed; "this is cruel, unmanly."

"Wear it," he cried; "wear it, and when you look at it remember that you have dug a gulf between my heart and yours! Wear it, and remember how you have perjured yourself; how your whole conduct since my return has been a lie, and if you have any shame or power of remorse left the gems will burn into your very soul when you look at them."

Elizabeth fell back in her chair cold and white. He rushed out of the room. She was not conscious of any thought; her brain was too dizzy; she sat there clasping her forehead between her hands, and seeming to see the whole world reel into darkness before her gaze.

"Has he gone; where is he?"

It was Elsie's voice; she had stolen into the room to learn how the matter had ended.

"Can't you speak, Bessie; what did he say?"

Elizabeth dropped the hands from her face, and rose from her seat.

"No matter what he said; the end is coming. I told you it would; the end is coming!"

"Don't look so!" cried Elsie, "you frighten me."

"Frighten!" she repeated in a bitter tone.

"You haven't soul enough in your bosom to be frightened."

"Oh, you cruel, wicked creature!" sobbed Elsie. "Oh, oh! I'll kill myself if you talk so to me; I'll go to Grant; I'll—"

"Hush!" interrupted Elizabeth. "There—I will say no more! I don't blame you—remember that! Whatever comes, I won't blame you for this new danger."

"Oh, you good darling!" cried Elsie, drying her tears at once.

She made a step forward as if to throw her arms about her sister, but Elizabeth retreated.

"Don't touch me," she said, faintly; "don't touch me!"

"Should I poison you?" cried Elsie, angrily.

"One would think I was some dreadful reptile."

"No, no; don't be angry! I need all my strength! Let me alone, Elsie; don't speak to me!"

"The carriage is at the door," said Elsie, "and Mrs. Harrison is waiting; for mercy's sake don't let her think anything is wrong. I am going to find Grant; wait here."

She ran out of the room, and Elizabeth stood thinking of her words.

Very soon perhaps the whole world would know that she was a lost, ruined woman, without a home, a friend, or even a name.

Could she bear up; could she find strength to go on to the end?

The hardness and desperation died out of her face; she sank on her knees, and a prayer for help rose to her lips; low and faint, but bearing the intensity of her innermost soul.

She heard steps in the hall; they were coming for her. She sprang to her feet, moved towards the door and opened it; her husband, Elsie and their guest were there. She answered Mrs. Harrison's gay words; passed on with them through the hall, and took her misery out into the world as we all do so often, hidden carefully from every eye.

At dinner that day Elizabeth met two or three superior people from the city, men and women of note, whose presence at the board was like meteor flashes kindling everything with brilliancy, but among the most cheerful and most witty she shone forth prominent. Every word she spoke carried

electric fire with it. Her cheeks were scarlet; her eyes were radiant. The lips that had been so pale in her husband's presence a few hours before glowed like ripe cherries with the sunshine upon them. In her desperation she was inspired.

CHAPTER XXIX.

IMMEDIATELY after breakfast the next morning their visitor returned to the city, perhaps glad to escape from the unnatural mental atmosphere of the house, certainly much to the relief of all the inmates of the dwelling.

Grantley Mellen drove their guest down to the railway train, and as soon as they had departed Elizabeth and Elsie, as if by a common impulse, started in a

After a time Elizabeth shook herself free from Elizabeth's grasp and rose; the power to think and act was coming back to her.

"You heard them say this?" she asked.

"Yes, yes!" cried Elsie. "Grant sent for old Jarvis to come up and dig round the tree; he thinks it is dying."

Elizabeth threw up her arms with a low moan, more expressive of agony than a shriek.

"It has come at last!" broke from her white lips.

"It has come at last!"

Elsie cowered down upon the sofa and buried her head in the cushions, shaking with hysterical terrors from head to foot, and uttering repressed sobs.

"Exposure—ruin—disgrace!" moaned Elizabeth, as if repeating words that some secret voice whispered in her ear. "It has come at last! It has come at last!"

"I shall die!" shrieked Elsie. "I shall go mad!"

She beat the couch wildly with her clenched hands and gave way to a violent nervous spasm, but this time Elizabeth made no effort to soothe her; she stood there, cold and white, repeating at intervals, in that dismal whisper:

"It has come at last! It has come at last!"

"Do something," moaned Elsie, between her sobs. "Don't stand there as if you were turning to stone. Think of some way to stop them."

"What can I do?" returned Elizabeth. "I tell you it has come! I knew it would!"

Elsie gave another shriek and sprang off the sofa, threw herself at her sister's feet, clutching her dress with her hands, and crying, brokenly:

"Do something—anything! I shall go crazy—my brain is burning! I won't live—I tell you I won't live if you don't stop this."

Elizabeth shook off her grasp, not angrily, not impatiently even, but with a sudden change of expression, as if Elsie's despair had brought back some half-forgotten resolution and given her a sort of strength once more.

"You will not suffer," she said, drearily. "You are safe."

"But you—what will become of you?" groaned the girl.

"Let go my dress—get up, Elsie! See, I am calm. I tell you, no harm will come to you—get up."

Elsie staggered to her feet, and sat down on the sofa with a burst of tears.

"I'd rather kill myself than see you tormented so!" she cried. "I have the poison yet in my room—I've always kept it. If they don't stop, Elizabeth, they shall find us dead and cold—"

"Stop!" said Elizabeth. "I won't hear such wicked words! The danger is mine, the ruin and disgrace is mine—all mine; but I don't talk of killing myself."

"You are so brave," moaned Elsie, "and I am such a poor, weak thing. Oh, oh! This will kill me either way, I know it will!"

"I know what will happen to me," said Elizabeth, in a voice of unnatural calmness. "Do you know what this day will bring? Before two hours are gone I shall be driven out of this house, a lost, ruined woman."

"No, no!" Grant will forgive you—he loves you so!"

"Does a man ever forgive?"

"But you will say you don't know—I will."

"Are you a baby? Don't you know there will be an exposure—we shall all be questioned—forced to give evidence?"

"We will say anything—anything!" cried Elsie.

"We cannot satisfy Grantley Mellen. I tell you, Elsie, this is the last interview we shall ever hold in his house."

Elsie flung herself down in renewed spasms, shrieking and sobbing so violently that nothing could be done or thought of till she had been restored to composure by the strong remedies Elizabeth administered.

"Promise not to tell that I ever knew of it," she gasped. "Swear! I'll kill myself if you don't!"

"I have promised," returned Elizabeth, in a hollow voice. "I will bear whatever comes—ruin, death—and bear it alone."

Those words so solemnly spoken appeared to give the girl new life and energy.

"Go downstairs," she said; "stop them. You can stop them yet."

"How—what can I say?"

"Tell Grant the gardener said the tree must be left till spring—bribe old Jarvis to say so—oh, anything, anything; only try, Elizabeth. Save yourself if possible."

The woman walked to the window and peered out between the curtains.

"They are there," she said; "they are going."

"Go down!" shrieked Elsie. "Go down, I say!"

Elizabeth took a few steps towards the door—caught sight of her face in the mirror, and stopped appalled at the haggard image reflected there.

"Look at me," she said; "my face tells the whole story."

"There is some rouge in that drawer," said Elsie. "Mrs. Harrington left it. I'll put it on your cheeks."

She could think now that Elizabeth showed herself ready to bear her danger alone. She got out the rouge, rubbed it on her sister's cheeks, and smoothed her hair, crying:

"Now you look like yourself—nobody would notice. Go quick—stop them—stop them!"

Elizabeth dared not pause an instant for reflection; she opened the door, walked downstairs, through the library, and joined her husband on the lawn.

He turned at her approach. She felt a mad sort of courage nerve her—she could speak now.

"What are you going to have done to the great cypress?" she asked, and even in that moment of supreme agony and fear she was conscious of a vague wonder at the composure of her voice.

"It seems to be dying," replied Mellen; "I am

going to have the earth dug away from about the roots."

"I am afraid you will only kill it," returned Elizabeth; "it is so late in the season."

"I did not know that you were a gardener," he said, coldly.

He looked at her standing there with that unnatural brightness on her cheeks, that wild glitter in her eyes, and it seemed to him that she had only come out in her beauty and unconcern to mock him after the long night of wild trouble which he had spent.

"I know that is what Jones said," she went on. "He thought in the spring something could be done, but not now."

He was turning away—that action deprived her of all self-control—she caught his arm, crying:

"Don't touch that tree—don't go near it."

He stopped and looked at her in blank amazement; she saw the danger in which her impetuosity had placed her—dropped his arm and tried to appear composed again.

"What is the matter with you?" he asked. "The tree is not a human being that I am going to assassinate."

She forced herself to laugh; even then the woman's self-mastery was something astounding.

"I was a little theatrical," she said; "but I can't bear to have the old tree touched."

"Why, marm, it'll die if it aint," put in Jarvis, who considered that he had been silent quite long enough.

"You don't know anything about the matter!" cried Elizabeth, sharply.

The old man drew himself up, and looked so indignant that she felt sure he would oppose her now with might and main.

"I mean," she added, "you don't know how I feel about it, I want the poor thing left alone."

The old man relinquished his erect attitude and looked somewhat mollified.

"If it's yer whim, mar'm, that's another thing, but I thought I'd lived too long in this neighborhood for anybody to accuse me of not knowing a thing when I pretended to, especially about trees."

"Oh, no, no," interrupted she; "I always say that you are a universal genius, a better gardener than half the professed ones."

"Wal, I do' know about that," said Jarvis, his face beaming all over with satisfaction, for remarkable as he was, the old man was peculiarly susceptible to flattery.

"Then you won't touch the tree?" cried Elizabeth, turning again towards her husband.

Mr. Mellen had been watching her while she talked; he was growing more and more angry now he thought that she only wished to interfere unwarrantably with his least plan or wish.

"You will leave the tree till spring?" she continued.

"I shall have the earth loosened," he answered, "I don't choose to sacrifice the tree to a mere caprice."

"It is not a caprice," she exclaimed, forgetting herself once more in her excitement. "I ask you not to touch it—I beg you not to."

"Might I ask the reason of your extraordinary conduct?" he began; then remembering old Benson's presence, checked himself quickly.

"I think it the best thing for the tree," he added.

"But Jones said not; he ought to know."

"I fancy he said that to avoid the work."

"No, no! In the spring you can do it—not now—not now."

"By spring it will be too late; the earth must be dug away now."

She clasped her hands under her shawl—she resolved to make one effort more—a respite must be found—for a day, at least.

She looked out towards the tree—the lower part of it was hidden, where they stood, by a thicket of shrubs and bushes, but the stately top towered up dark and solemn, waving in the morning breeze and seeming to whisper an omen of dread to her half-maddened senses.

"Not to-day," she exclaimed; "at least do not touch it to day."

His suspicious mind, so wildly on the alert since the strange events of the past days, was now fully aroused by the singular earnestness and trouble of her manner.

There was another secret! It was no desire to contradict him which actuated her—there was something at the bottom which he could not understand—a new phase of the mystery with which he had felt surrounded from the first moment of his arrival, and which during the past week had gathered and darkened so rapidly.

"Leave the tree at least to-day," repeated Elizabeth.

"I can't send for Jarvis to do work and put him off without a reason," he said; "he has plenty of work on his hands."

"It can't make no difference, Miss Mellen," the old man joined in; "taint no use to put it off—anyhow I couldn't come agin till the last of the week."

"Let it go till then," she said, eagerly; and a new life stole over her face at the bare hope of obtaining that delay.

"This is sheer folly," said her husband. "Go in—go in. You will catch cold—the grass is damp. Come, Jarvis, get your spade."

"It won't hurt the tree a speck, Miss Mellen," said he; "don't feel uneasy about it—I'll be as tender of it as if it was a baby."

He moved away as he spoke, and left the husband and wife together. Elizabeth was pale even through her artificial bloom—no matter what he thought she must obtain some delay.

"Grantley," she cried, "don't touch the tree—I ask it as a favor—you will not refuse—let it go."

He gave one look at her face and turned his head away to hide the expression of anger and doubt which he felt was in his own.

"Can you give any reason?" he asked.

"No, no! It is one of my fancies—only gratify it—let the tree alone for a day or two."

A fierce passion shook Mellen like a sudden tempest. His first impulse was to drag her into the house and force from her lips the secret and the mystery which surrounded her, but he controlled the impulse and said:

"As you please. I will leave it for the present."

He walked away from her, and Elizabeth went back into the house. She had to rest a few moments in the library; her limbs were shaking so that she could not stand. She was roused by the sound of her husband's voice in conversation with old Benson—he might come in and find her there.

She started up like a wounded animal that concentrates its dying strength in one wild effort for escape—hurried from the room and up the stairs.

Elsie was still lying on the sofa in the chamber; she sprang up as Elizabeth entered.

"Will he leave it?" she cried. "Will he leave it?"

"Yes, he has promised."

Elizabeth sank in a chair, regardless of the questions she poured out, so pitiable an object in her agony that it might even have softened the heart of one she had most deeply injured.

"Saved again!" cried Elsie. "Don't despair, Bessie—it will all end right."

"Saved!" repeated Elizabeth, in a tone of mental terror. "Have you thought what must be done this very night?"

Elsie gave a cry and hid her face.

"Be still!" said Elizabeth. "I will do it—be still!"

"Don't let me know—don't tell me—I should die of fright!"

"Think of me, then," she returned. "In the night—alone with that—where can I carry it?"

Elsie interrupted her with another cry and her old appealing wail.

"You are killing me! You are killing me!"

"Be still," repeated Elizabeth, in the same awful voice. "I will do it—be still!"

CHAPTER XXX.

MELLEN set old Benson about some other duties and went into the library. While he stood at one of the windows, looking gloomily out on the autumn landscape, he heard the voices of 'Dolf and his spinster inamorata in the area below.

"What's yer master gwine to have done to de tree?"

Cloak.

"He's afear'd it's deceasin'," replied 'Dolf, pomposly, "and he wishes to perwent."

"Don't come none o' yer furrin lingo over me," said Clorinda, angrily. "Can't yer say what he's gwine to do in good, decent English, widout any of dem dern outlandish Spanish 'pressions?"

"Tawn't Spanish, lubly one," said 'Dolf, greatly delighted at the effect his grandiloquent language had produced. "Sometimes I do 'dulge in far away tongues jist from habit; it's trabeling so much, you know."

"Don't know nothin' about it, and don't want to," interrupted Clorinda. "Ef yer can't answer a civil question as it outer to be, yer needn't stay round dis part of de house."

"Don't be ravagerous," returned 'Dolf. "Any question ob yours it is my delight to answer, only propose it."

"I does, plainly enough. What's yer master gwine to have done to dat ar old tree?"

Mellen was just going to order them away from that part of the house—the veriest trifles irritated him now—when Clorinda's next words made him pause.

"I wish he'd hev it dug up by de roots," she said; "I do 'lieve dat ar tree is haunted."

"Haunted!" screamed 'Dolf, who possessed a large share of the superstition of his race. "Now what does yer mean, Miss Clorindy?"

"Jes' what I say," replied she sharply; "I ain't one ob de kind dat tittertives up my words till they haft got no sense left."

"But I never heerd of a haunted tree," said 'Dolf, gaining new courage as he remembered that it was broad daylight. "Haunted houses I've heerd on in plenty; but a tree—"

"Oh, mebby yer don't know eberyting yet!" said Cloak, viciously.

Cloak had been rather short with her lover of late, on account of several private flirtations with Victoria, which she had interrupted.

"Do tell me what yer mean,



THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, F. B. SCHELL.



DEATH OF MR. WM. F. PORTER, THE PHOTOGRAPHER.—FROM A SKETCH BY A. LIGOWSKY, TOPOGRAPHICAL ENGINEER.

THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF LOOKOUT MOUNTAIN.

NOT long after the battle of Lookout Mountain one of our artists, not present at the battle, visited the spot, on his way from the Mississippi, and ascending to the spot where the rebels so long had their flag waving and their cannon thundering at Chattanooga, was no less surprised than amused to find on the then silent summit, which Hooker's men had so gallantly scaled amid fire and flame, the tent of a travelling photographer, who had pitched his tent here, with the true enterprise of a wandering son of New England, to take portraits and include a view of the famous scenery.

The view had been for some time ready for use, but we have now to add another sketch, sent to us by an officer of the 11th corps, showing the sad close of the career of the photographer, Mr. Wm. F. Porter, who, while placing a lady and gentleman, lost his foothold and fell down the precipice, a distance of some 200 feet.

EXPLOSION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUN- DRY, PHILADELPHIA.

NEVER perhaps have fires and explosions come more rapidly than within the last few months. The destruction of Colt's factory, the fire at Gloucester, and others in other parts, have crowded fast upon us. We give two sketches this week of a fearful explosion. Merrick and Sons' Iron Foundry and Boiler Manufactory was an extensive establishment in Philadelphia, situated on and entirely covering the ground bounded by Washington street on the north, Federal street on the south, and Fourth and Fifth streets on the east and west. On the morning of April 6th an immense boiler, of 75 horse-power, at the western end of the



HEADWATERS OF THE TECHE, LOUISIANA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, C. H. BONWILL.

open space, formed by the square of the buildings, appropriated to the use of the different departments, exploded, and in an instant spread ruin around.

It was carried up into the air, and after making a circuit of some 40 feet dropped on the roof of the clipping-shop, demolishing it entirely, and crushing in the rains, George Ward, one of the workmen.

The force of the explosion sent fragments of iron and bricks in all directions. A large piece of boiler was driven through the wall of No. 1,137 Fifth street, and a piece of girder traversed another house, fortunately without injuring any one. The streets around were strown with bricks so thick that a person could walk on them.

Seven persons were killed in the foundry and a number injured, but no one in the street or neighborhood. Our Artist gives a view of the explosion itself and of the scene of ruin after the calamity.

HEAD WATERS OF THE TECHE.

THE Teche, one of the most beautiful of the Louisiana bayous, commences in St. Landry parish, a few miles from Opelousas and flows through a rich and romantic country, now unhappily desolated by the war. It empties into Achafalaya Bayou, near Lake Chetimaches. Our Artist, while proceeding from one memorable point to another, has sketched the head waters of the Teche in all their charming beauty.

GERANIUM LEAVES.—It is not generally known that the leaves of geraniums are an excellent application for cuts, where the skin is rubbed off, and other wounds of that kind. One or two leaves must be bruised and applied on linen to the part, and the wound will become cicatrized in a very short time.

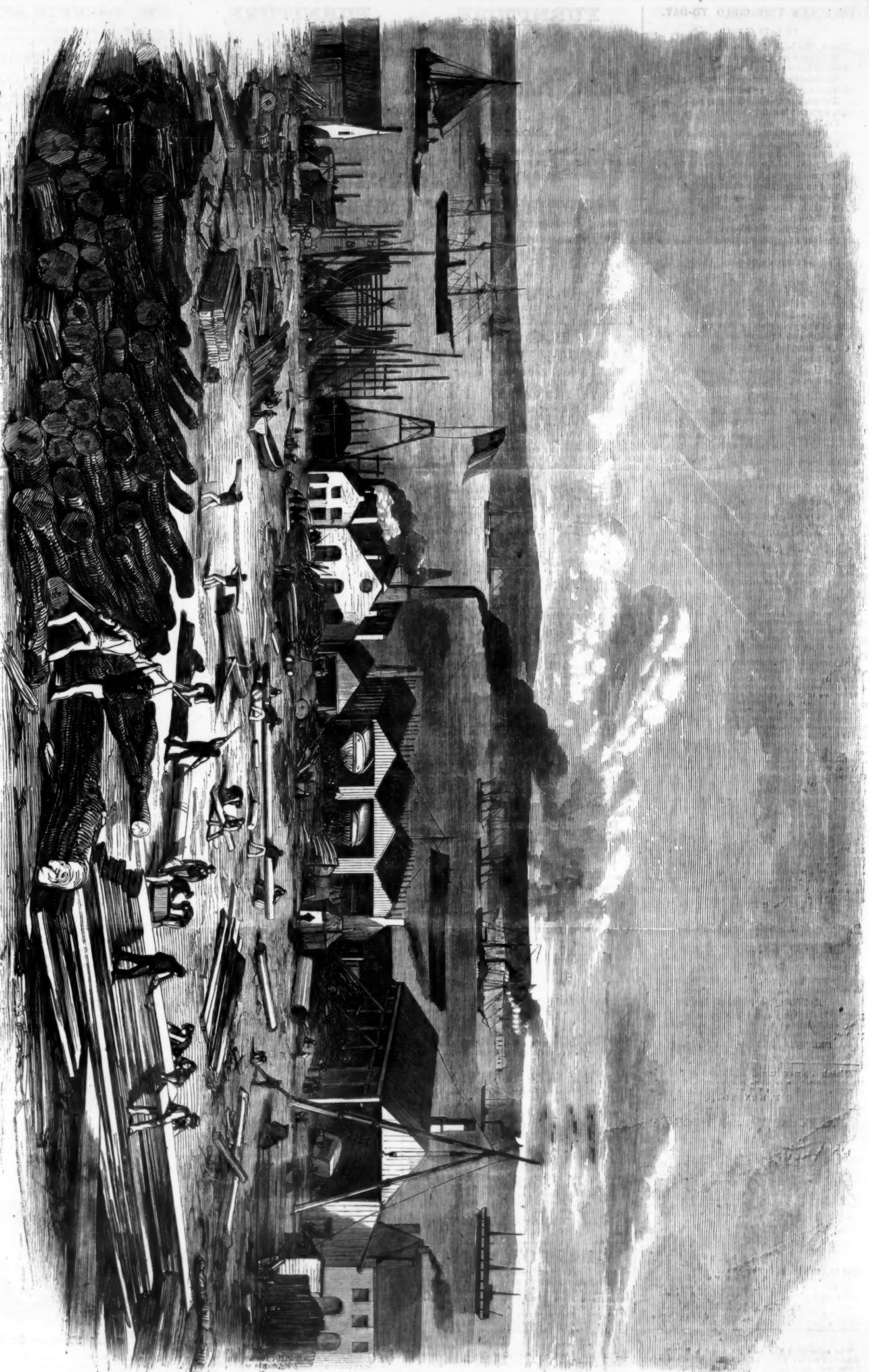


The Explosion.

DESTRUCTION OF MERRICK AND SONS' IRON FOUNDRY, PHILADELPHIA.—FROM A SKETCH BY OUR SPECIAL ARTIST, FRED. B. SCHELL.



The Ruins.



VIEW OF THE SHIPYARD AT LIVERPOOL OF THE MESSRS. LAIRD, WITH THE REBEL RAMS IN THE RIVER.—SEE PAGE 87.

I'M LOVE'S TINY CHILD TO-DAY.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

HARK! the bells of joy are ringing,
Hope once more illumines my way,
Sweetly sad my heart is singing,
Sunbeams glow more bright to-day;
Nature moves to graceful music,
Zephyrs sport with feathery spray,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Freedom flings its rosy banner
Over my heart so light and gay,
Bound no longer, free and happy,
Thro' the woodland I will stray;
List! the birdlings as they warble,
Thro' the branches lightly play,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Rippling streams, and flowers blooming
Fling their fragrance far and near,
And they win us to their wooing,
With a welcome rich and clear;
Reed the joys they scatter o'er us,
As they greet the rosy day,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

A BATCH OF WHATS.
What word may be pronounced quicker by adding
a syllable to it? Quick.

What quadrupeds are admired to balls, operas and
dinner-parties? White kids; sometimes the goats
go with them.

What is that word of one syllable which, if the first
two letters are taken from it, becomes a word of
two syllables? Plague—Auge.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? A
face that is forbidding.

What wood makes the best pianoforte? Broad-
wood.

What bird is the greatest friend to agriculturists?
The wheat-car.

What sort of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as
finished? A-gate.

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder
tree.

What day in the month of the year is a command to
go a head? March 4th.

What prevents the running river from running
away? Why, it's tied up.

What is the tourist's best motive for travelling?
A locomotive.

What kind of a man would you prefer on a dark
night? A lantern-jawed man.

What word would give sorrow to the mechanic
and joy to the prisoner? Discharge.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Her-
ring.

What town in Massachusetts signifies "proceed
with reproach"? Taunton.

What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where
do we find it? Injuries.

What instrument does a man who deals in fiddles
most resemble? A violoncello (violin seller).

What age is the most deceiving? The sanguine.

What is that which by adding something to it will
become smaller, but if you add nothing will grow
larger? A hole in a stocking.

What is it that sticks closer than a brother? said
a teacher to one of his class. "A Post Office
stamp—by gum" said the young incorrigible.

What was Eve made for? For Adams's Express
Company.

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used
by everybody? Your name.

What three words did Adam use when he intro-
duced himself to Eve, and which read the same back-
wards and forwards? Madam, I'm Adam.

Excelsior Music Book, No. 4, for Violin, Flute or Cornet, 25 cents, mailed. Contains latest
popular music, such as "Faust March," "Finigan's
Wake," "Faust Waltz," "Last Days of Pompeii,"
"Ione Gallop," "No Irish Need Apply," "Sonny,
I think of Thee," "Limerick Races," etc. MUSICAL
INSTRUMENTS of every description. Price list sent
on receipt of stamp.

FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

The Most Popular Tales Published!

Brady's "Mercury" Stories.

NOW READY—COMPLETE,

THE ROUND PACK:

A Tale of the Forked Deer.

By DR. J. H. ROBINSON. | Illustrated by DARLEY.
Illuminated Cover. Price 25 Cents.
Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of price.

FREDERIC A. BRADY, PUBLISHER,
24 Ann Street, New York.

Whiskers produced in Three Weeks by
the use of my prescription, which I send by mail for
25 cents. Its effects are truly wonderful. Address
H. C. F. KENNEDY, Chicago, Ill.

Artillery Badges.



Annexed is a fac-
simile design of our
Newest Style AR-
TILLERY BADGES
Sent free to any ad-
dress on receipt of
price, with Name
Co. and Regiment
handsomely Engrav-
ed thereon.

Solid Silver (with-
out batte) \$1.50.
Solid Silver, letters
in Gold Relief (with-
out batte) \$2. Solid
Gold (without bat-
te) \$5. Badges, 20 cents each extra.

Also New Style CAVALRY BADGE, and every
style Co. Pins and Corps Badges worn by the Army.
Our Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address

C. L. BALCH & CO.,
208 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Carriages.

The subscriber has now on hand a SPLENDID
ASSORTMENT OF CARRIAGES of all descrip-
tions, warranted perfect both as to style, material and
first-class workmanship, which he offers on reason-
able terms. C. WITTY, 160 Broadway and 60 Crosby
Street, N. Y.

AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE

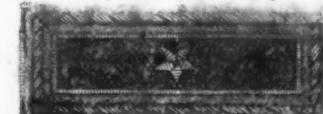


AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of
1853. The best and only reliable Billiard Table man-
ufactured. Bills, Cues, and every article relating to
Billiards, for sale by

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
Corner of Crosby and Spring Sts., N. Y.

TOMES, SON & MELVAIN
6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in "Fire Arms," "Cutlery," "Sporting
Articles," "Fancy Goods," Perfumery, Soap, Brush
es, Meerschaum Pipes, etc., etc.
Military and Navy Equipments in every variety.
A large assortment of

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.

Constantly on hand.

EMPLOYMENT

At your own Homes.

THOUSANDS CAN REALISE A HUNDRED
DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required except
those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.;
demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery
of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of two
stamps for return postage. Address C. MUNRO
BROWN, No. 74 Bleecker Street, N. Y.

**Legal Tender, Stationery, Music and
Jewelry Casket—New Series.**
We now offer new inducements to all who sell STA-
TIONERY PACKAGES. Send for our free Circular.

WEIR & CO., 506 Chestnut St., Phila.

FURNITURE, FURNITURE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF),

No. 87 Bowery, New York.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash. Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MAT-
TRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE,
in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

TUCKER'S NEW STYLE PATENT SPRING BED

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each.

Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED
TO INTRODUCE OUR
NEW GOLD PEN.

This Gold Pen is something entirely new and is
now offered to the public for the first time, and it is
made by an entirely new process, enabling us to offer
them very cheap. Every Pen is WARRANTED one
year, and to be genuine Diamond pointed, and to pos-
sess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the
highest price gold pen made. Single Pens sent by
mail on receipt of the following prices:

With Silver Mounted Ebony Holders and Morocco
Case.

No. 2 Medium Pen and Holder..... 90

No. 3 Large Pen and Holder..... 100

No. 4 Engraving Pen and Holder..... 115

Great inducements to Agents and the Trade. Send
for our Circular.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers,
181 Broadway, N. Y.

Fountain Pen—No Inkstand Required.
One filling will write 12 hours. Also, all other styles
of Gold Pens. Send stamp for Circular.

G. F. HAWKES, Sole Manufacturer,
445-57

\$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every
county at \$75 a month, expenses paid, to sell
my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address
S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make
\$10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by
mail, for 25 cents. Address

E. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway,
N. Y., want Agents in every County and every Regi-
ment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches.
Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send
for Circular.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers
or Moustaches?

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily
in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain
or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post
free, to any address on receipt of an order.

R. G. GRAHAM, 109 Nassau St., N. Y.

Stereoscopic Views and Cartes de Visite.

1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for a Catalogue.
000 VICTOR DELAPO, 80 Nassau St., N. Y.

FURNITURE,

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

BY

W. FORSYTH & CO.,

22 and 44 Nassau Street (adjoining the Post Office),
offer for sale the following Magnificent List of

WATCHES, CHAINS, JEWELRY, ETC.

Valued at \$300,000!

Each Article One Dollar, and not to be
paid for until you know what
you are to get.

EACH

150 Gold and Silver Watches.....	\$15 to \$100
200 Ladies' Gold Watches.....	\$35
500 Ladies' and Gents' Silver Watches.....	\$15
2500 Vest and Neck Chains.....	\$5 to \$10 00
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	5 to 10 00
3000 Gold Band Bracelets.....	3 to 5 00
3000 Cameo Brooches.....	4 to 8 00
3000 Mosaic and Jet Brooches.....	4 to 6 00
3000 Lava and Florentine Brooches.....	4 to 6 00
3000 Cameo Ear Drops.....	4 to 6 00
3000 Lava and Florentine Ear Drops.....	4 to 6 00
5000 Coral Ear Drops.....	4 to 8 00
5000 Gent's Breast Pins.....	2 to 8 00
3000 Watch Keys.....	2 to 6 00
2500 Bob and Ribbon Slides.....	2 to 6 00
2500 Sets of Bosom Studs.....	2 to 6 00
2500 Sleeve Buttons.....	2 to 6 00
5000 Plain Rings.....	2 to 5 00
5000 Stone Set Rings.....	2 to 6 00
5000 Lockets.....	2 to 6 00
10000 Sets of Ladies' Jewelry.....	5 to 10 00
10000 Gold Pens, Silver Mtd Holders.....	4 to 5 00
5000 Gold Pens, with Silver Extension Cases and Pencils.....	4 to 6 00

The articles in this stock of Jewelry are of the neatest
and most fashionable styles. Certificates of all
the various articles are put in Sealed Envelopes and
mixed, thus giving all a fair chance, and sent by mail
for 25 cents each; and on receipt of the Certificate, it
is at your option to send ONE DOLLAR and take the
article named in it, or not. Five Certificates, \$1;
eleven, \$2; thirty, \$5; sixty-five, \$10; one hundred
\$15; Certificate money to be enclosed with order
Correspondence promptly answered.

AGENTS wanted in every town and regiment. We
allow them ten cents on every Certificate, provided
their remittance amounts to \$1, and more liberal
inducements to those who buy largely. Send for Circular.
Address

W. FORSYTH & CO.,
42 and 44 Nassau St., N. Y.

Psychomancy.—How either sex may fasci-
nate and gain the love, confidence, affection and good
will of any person they choose, instantly. This simple
mental acquirement all can possess, securing certain
success in love, marriage, etc., free by mail, for 25 cents,
together with a guide to the unmarried of both sexes
—an extraordinary book, of great interest; Third edition
—over 100,000 copies already sold. Address T.
WILLIAM & CO., Publishers, Philadelphia.

Matrimony.—Why every man should marry
Why every woman should marry. All may marry to
know. Read the Illustrated Marriage Guide and
Medical Adviser, by WM. EARL, M. D., 200 pages.
Mailed in sealed envelope on receipt of 25 cents. Ad-
dress 12 White Street, New York.

Drunkards, Stop!—Send for a Circular, show-
ing how to remove the appetite for strong drink.
Hundreds are cured every week. It can be given se-
cretly and without injury to health. Address, with
stamp, Drs. MELLON & THAYER, Lowell, Mass.



Albums for the Army.

Our New Pocket Album,
holding sixteen pictures, and sold at

J. H. Winslow & Co.

The Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered to Secure Good Jewellery at Low Prices.

\$100,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gents' Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

Worth \$500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
208 Broadway, New York.

VETERAN

VETERAN

Soldiers!



We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Veterans Pins for all the Regiments and Corps now in the field at \$1.50 each; also, all the various Army Badges worn by the different armies, by the single one, 100 or 1,000. Sent to any part of the country by mail. Send for a Circular. Address

DROWNE & MOORE, Manufacturers, 208 Broadway, N. Y. Solid 18 k. Gold, \$6.50. Solid Silver, \$1.50.

Stereoscopic Views. Cartes de Visites—New Books. Send for Catalogue. C. B. HARRISON, P. O. Box 2,111, Boston, Mass. 445-52

The Old Established and only reliable Purchasing Agency doing business since 1849. Parties desiring anything they see advertised or any information, can obtain it by enclosing a 3c. stamp for Circular to HENRY STEPHENS, 85 Nassau St., N. Y. 445-8

E. W. BENICKY.
At his well-known

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY.

No. 3 New Chambers Street,

Has now increased facilities to take Cartes de Visite as well as other Photographs, in the best style. Notwithstanding the increase in price of different materials, the charges are the same and the quality the best.

Card Pictures \$1.50 per doz.—\$4.50.

Card Vignettes \$3 per doz.

Large Size Photographs, 2 for \$1.

All other Photographs up to life size colored in oil or water at the most reasonable prices.

Particular attention given to Copying Cards or Ambrotypes into Large Photographs. The smallest or most defaced picture can be, by the aid of his experienced artists, copied into a handsome photograph. Every attention paid to visitors wishing to examine the specimens.

Swords, Sabers, Belts.

Wholesale and retail. Also, Presentation Swords, 481-56 B. KITTRIDGE & CO., Cincinnati, O.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant Package.

Copyright secured. Agents send orders and for Circulars early, to J. L. G. PIERPONT, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed goods for sale at \$1 for each article, consisting of a variety of rich and valuable goods, worth from 75 cents to \$300 each. Circulars giving full particulars sent to any address. Any person sending 25 cents will inform them in advance, what article they will receive, giving a description of the same, with the price as sold at retail. Any article ordered, if it does not prove as described, we will refund the money. For further particulars address with 3c. stamp.

ANDREWS & CO., 108 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass. 445-9

"Diphtheria."

A certain preventive, and sure, safe and simple remedy for this sudden and dangerous disease, may be had by addressing (enclosing stamp for reply) DR. OTIS C. LAIDLAW, 12 Astor Place, N. Y. 445-8

\$10 AGENTS \$10

And Dealers. Something New! Burglar-Proof Traveller's Lock, Indelible Pencil, Egyptian Cement, Magic Tobacco Box, and 20 more Novel and Useful Articles. Send stamp for Circular. S. W. RICE & CO., 83 Nassau St., N. Y.

If you want to Know

A little of everything relating to the human system, diet, air, marriage, etc., etc., read revised and enlarged edition of

Medical Common Sense.

Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following: Consumption, Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Rupture, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside Spectacles. The Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Eloquence, Philosophy of Childmarking, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things of value to the married and single never written before, making, altogether, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 120 illustrations. Contents tables sent free by mail to all applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.00. Address E. B. FOOTE, 1130 Broadway, N. Y.

"Album Gems."—Something New, Gay and Fanciful. The most desirable Cards ever published— including the French Dancing Girl; Venus Sporting with Love; Bedtime; Bon-mariage; Charleston; Sinking the boat; etc., etc. Price only 8 cents each, or \$1 for the set of 15 choice cards.

G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,
221 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Whiskers! Whiskers!

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Price, 25 cents a Package, or six for \$1. Satisfaction given or money refunded. Address M. A. JAGGERS, Calhoun, Ill.

CHICKERING & SONS,
MANUFACTURERS OF
Grand, Square and Upright Pianofortes.

THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE

"Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and I can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The Instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will compare favorably with any I have ever known."

S. THALBERG."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, N. Y., 246 Washington Street, Boston

Remington's



Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

B. REMINGTON & SONS,
138-50 Iliion, N. Y.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de Visites, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.

000 FIERRE BIBON 25 Ann St., N. Y.

Do You Want to get Married?

"Courtship Made Easy." A Book of 100 pages, Illustrated. Treating on "Psychomancy," Plainly showing how either sex can fascinate, win the undying love, and marry whoever they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents and two red stamps. Address E. D. LOCKE & CO., Box 1525, Portland, Me. 442-48

Hoyt's Hiawatha Hair Restorative.—Superior to every other preparation for the hair in power to restore faded and gray hair to its original color and natural appearance, to prevent it from falling out, to overcome effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, etc., and to remove the impurities and humors of the scalp. HOYT'S MINNEHAHA HAIR GLOSS, unexcelled in keeping the hair in curl.

HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM oils and colors the hair at the same time; changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black.

HOYT'S EXCELSIOR TOILET POWDER imparts beauty to the complexion, smoothness to the skin, and preserves youthfulness of appearance. Sold everywhere.

N.B.—Ladies' French Hairdresser in attendance to apply the Hiawatha—JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place.

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc., supposing at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, Single Copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings county, N. Y.



WEDDING CARDS.

French Note Papers, Seals and

Labels, Silver Plates, etc., at

J. Everard's, 309 Broadway, cor. Duane St.

For Specimens by mail, send 25 cents.

000

Postage on Watches, by the case, \$2.25; Registering 20 cents. Sample Watches sent free.

WATCHES.

A handsome Heavy Hunting Cased Silver Composite Watch, Fine Movements, handsome white Dial and steel-polished hand; elegant finish in every respect, and in perfect running order. These Watches are composed of two metals, the outer one being the finest quality of silver, and will bear engraving of every description, and has the appearance of Sterling Silver in every respect. Sold only by the case, at \$72. Sample Watches sent free of expense on receipt of \$14.

The great English Army Watch, in Heavy Gold Composite Hunting Cases, a fac simile of the British Army Watch. These Cases are beautifully finished, and the movements first-class and partially jewelled, and warranted good timekeepers. These cases will wear a great length, being genuine Orodo. Sold only by the case, at \$78.

Sample Watches sent free of expense on receipt of \$15.

The Great New Army Watch, especially for soldiers, in heavy and beautifully finished Solid Silver, Hunting Cases, Genuine Lever movements, Ruby Jeweled, Engraved, Engine-turned or plain cases; warranted as represented, and a perfect timekeeper, only \$18.

A Lady's very elegant English Court Watch, in very small, Gold Composite Cases, Magic Spring and sunk seconds, and a perfect timekeeper, only \$16.

Officer's Watch—Extra Heavy American Lever Watch, in Double Bottom Coin Silver Hunting Cases, full Jewelled. —Trademark \$35 Wm. Ellery.

A very handsome Double Time Duplex Stop Watch, New York and London time, sweep seconds, Jewelled in every action, Gold Balance, and in Heavy Sterling Silver Hunting Cases.

The Movements are Beautifully Engraved and have the patent adjusted stop, only \$35.

WARRANTED. All our Watches are sent out in perfect running order, and are warranted as represented or the money refunded. A written warrant given if required.

We offer great inducements to Agents. Send for our Circular. Constantly on hand Watches of every description.

Postage on Watches, by the case, \$2.25; Registering 20 cents. Sample Watches sent free.

GEO. A. ELY & CO., IMPORTERS,

181 (late 208) Broadway, N. Y.

Grays Patent Molded Collars

Have now been before the public for nearly a year. They are universally pronounced the neatest and best fitting collars extant.

The upper edge presents a perfect curve, free from the angle noticed in all other collars.

The cravat causes no puckers on the inside of the turn-down collar—they are AS SMOOTH INSIDE AS OUTSIDE—and therefore perfectly free and easy to the neck.

The Garrotte collar has a smooth and evenly finished edge on BOTH SIDES.

These Collars are not simply flat pieces of paper cast in the form of a collar, but are MOLDED AND SHAPED TO FIT THE NECK.

They are made in "Eureka" (or Garotte), from 12 to 17 inches, and in "Eureka" (or Garotte), from 12 to 17 inches; and packed in "solid sizes" in neat blue cartons, containing 100 each; also in smaller ones of 10 each—the latter a very handy package for Travellers, Army and Navy Officers.

EVERY COLLAR is stamped

"Gray's Patent Molded Collar."

Sold by all dealers in Men's Furnishing Goods. The Trade supplied by

HATCH, JOHNSON & CO.,

51 Devonshire St., Boston,

J. S. Lowrey & Co., 37 Warren St., New York; Van Dusen, Bochner & Co., 627 Chestnut St., Phila.; Hodges Bros., 23 Hanover St., Baltimore, Md.; Wall, Stephens & Co., 322 Pennsylvania Avenue, Washington, D. C.; Levitt & Bevis, cor. Fifth and Vine Sts., Cincinnati; J. Von Borries & Co., 43 Main Street, Louisville, Ky.; A. Frankenthal & Bro., 6 North Main Street, St. Louis, Mo.; Bradford Bros., Milwaukee Wis.; Weed, Winters & Co., 7 to 13 Tchoupias Street, New Orleans.

444-52

U. S. 10-40 BONDS.

These Bonds are issued under the Act of Congress of March 8th, 1864, which provides that in lieu of so much of the loan authorized by the Act of March 3d, 1863, to which this is supplementary, the Secretary of the Treasury is authorized to borrow from time to time, on the credit of the United States, not exceeding

Two Hundred Million Dollars

during the current fiscal year, and to prepare and issue therefor Coupons and Registered Bonds of the United States; and all Bonds issued under this Act shall be

Exempt from Taxation

by or under any State or municipal authority. Subscriptions to these Bonds are received in United States notes or notes of National Banks. They are

To be Redeemed in Coin,

at the pleasure of the Government, at any period not less than ten nor more than forty years from their date, and until their redemption

Five per Cent. Interest will be paid in Coin,

on Bonds of not over one hundred dollars annually, and on all other Bonds semi-annually.

The interest is payable on the first days of March and September in each year. The semi-annual Coupons are payable at those dates, and the annual Coupons on the 50 and 100 dollar Bonds are payable on the first of March.

Subscribers will receive either Registered or Coupon Bonds, as they may prefer. Registered Bonds are recorded on the books of the U. S. Treasurer, and can be transferred only on the owner's order. Coupon Bonds are payable to bearer, and are more convenient for commercial uses.

Registered Bonds will be issued of the denominations of Fifty Dollars (\$50), One Hundred Dollars (\$100), Five Hundred Dollars (\$500), One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000), Five Thousand Dollars (\$5,000), and Ten Thousand Dollars (\$10,000); and Coupon Bonds of the denominations of Fifty Dollars (\$50), One Hundred Dollars (\$100), Five Hundred Dollars (\$500), and One Thousand Dollars (\$1,000).

Subscribers to this loan will have the option of having their Bonds draw interest from March 1st, by paying the accrued interest in coin—(or in United States notes, or the notes of National Banks, adding five per cent. for premium) or receive them drawing interest from the date of subscription and deposit.

As these Bonds are exempt from municipal or State taxation, their value is increased from one to three per cent. per annum, according to the rate of tax levies in various parts of the country.

At the present rate of premium on gold they pay over eight per cent. interest in currency, and are of equal convenience as a permanent or temporary investment.

It is believed that no securities offer so great inducements to lenders as the various descriptions of U. S. Bonds. In all other forms of indebtedness, the faith or ability of private parties or stock companies or separate communities only is pledged for payment, while for the debts of the United States the whole property of the country is held to secure the payment of both principal and interest in coin.

These Bonds may be subscribed for in sums of \$50 up to any magnitude, on the same terms, and are thus made equally available to the smallest lender and the largest capitalist. They can be converted into money at any moment, and the holder will have the benefit of the interest.

The fact that all duties on imports are payable in specie furnishes a fund for like payment of interest on all Government Bonds largely in excess of the wants of the Treasury for this purpose.

Upon the receipt of subscriptions a certificate of deposit therefor, in duplicate, will be issued, the original of which will be forwarded by the subscriber to the Secretary of the Treasury, at Washington, with a letter stating the kind (registered or coupon) and the denominations of bonds required.

Upon the receipt of the original certificates at the Treasury Department, the bonds subscribed for will be transmitted to the subscribers respectively.

Subscriptions will be received by the Treasurer of the United States at Washington, and the Assistant Treasurers at New York, Boston and Philadelphia, and by the

FIRST NATIONAL BANK OF NEW YORK, NO. 4 WALL ST.

SECOND " " " " 23D ST. & B'DY.

FOURTH " " " " 11 PINE STREET.

SIXTH " " " " 6TH AV. &

I'M LOVE'S TINY CHILD TO-DAY.

BY KATE J. BOYD.

HARK! the bells of joy are ringing,
Hope once more illumines my way,
Sweetly sad my heart is singing,
Sunbeams glow more bright to-day;
Nature moves to graceful music,
Zephyr sport with feather spray,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Freedom flings its rosy banner
O'er my heart so light and gay,
Bound no longer, free and happy,
Thro' the woodland I will stray;
List! the birdlings as they warble,
Thro' the branches lightly play,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

Rippling streams, and flowers blooming
Fling their fragrance far and near,
And they win us to their wooing,
With a welcome rich and clear;
Heed the joys they scatter o'er us,
As they greet the rosy day,
Oh, my heart is softly breathing,
I'm love's tiny child to-day;
Ha, ha, ha, ha,
I'm love's tiny child to-day.

A BATCH OF WHATS.
What word may be pronounced quicker by adding a syllable to it? Quick.

What quadrupeds are admired to balls, operas and dinner-parties? White kids; sometimes the goats go with them.

What is that word of one syllable which, if the first two letters are taken from it, becomes a word of two syllables? Plague—Auge.

What kind of a face should an auctioneer have? A face that is forbidding.

What wood makes the best pianoforte? Broad-wood.

What bird is the greatest friend to agriculturists? The wheat-eat.

What sort of carpentry becomes a gem as soon as finished? A-gate

What is the oldest tree in America? The elder tree.

What day in the month of the year is a command to go a head? March 4th.

What prevents the running river from running away? Why, it's tied up.

What is the tourist's best motive for travelling? A locomotive.

What kind of a man would you prefer on a dark night? A lantern-jawed man.

What word would give sorrow to the mechanic and joy to the prisoner? Discharge.

What fish is most valued by a happy wife? Her-ring.

What town in Massachusetts signifies "proceed with reproach"? Taunton.

What do we seek redress for? Injuries. Where do we find it? In Juries.

What instrument does a man who deals in fiddles most resemble? A violoncello (violin seller).

What age is the most deceiving? The青年.

What is that which by adding something to it will become smaller, but if you add nothing will grow larger? A hole in a stocking.

What is it that sticks closer than a brother? Said a teacher to one of his class. "A Post Office stamp—by gum!" said the young incorrigible.

What was Eve made for? For Adam's Express Company.

What is that which belongs to yourself, yet is used by everybody? Your name.

What three words did Adam use when he introduced himself to Eve, and which read the same backwards and forwards? Madam, I'm Adam.

Excelsior Music Book, No. 4, for Violin, Flute or Cornet, 25 cents, mailed. Contains latest popular music, such as "Faust March," "Finigan's Wake," "Faust Waltz," "Last Days of Pompeii," "Ione Gallop," "No Irish Need Apply," "Sonny, I think of Thee," "Limerick Races," etc. MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS of every description. Price list sent on receipt of stamp.

FREDERICK BLUME, 208 Bowery, N. Y.

The Most Popular Tales Published!

Brady's "Mercury" Stories.

NOW READY—COMPLETE,

THE ROUND PACK:

A Tale of the Forked Debr.

BY DR. J. H. ROBINSON. | Illustrated by DARLEY. Illuminated Cover. Price 25 Cents. Mailed, free of postage, on receipt of price.

FREDERIC A. BRADY, PUBLISHER,
21 Ann Street, New York.

Whiskers produced in Three Weeks by the use of my prescription, which I send by mail for 25 cents. Its effects are truly wonderful. Address H. C. F. KENNEDY, Chicago, Ill.

Artillery Badges.

Annexed is a fine sample of our newest style AR- TILLERY BADGES. Sent free to any address on receipt of price, with Name, Co., and Regiment handsomely engraved thereon. Solid Silver (without battles) \$1.50. Solid Silver, letters in Gold Relief (without battles) \$2. Solid Gold (without battles) \$2.50. Battles, 20 cents each extra. Also New Style CAVALRY BADGE, and every style Co. Pans and Corps Badges worn by the Army. Our Illustrated Catalogue sent free. Address G. L. BALCH & CO., 208 BROADWAY, N. Y.

Carriages.

The subscriber has now on hand a SPLENDID ASSORTMENT OF CARRIAGES of all descriptions, warranted perfect both as to style, material and first-class workmanship, which he offers on reasonable terms. G. WELTY, 406 Broadway and 40 Crosby Street, N. Y.

FURNITURE, WHOLESALE AND RETAIL,

FURNITURE,

BY

DEGRAAF & TAYLOR,

(FORMERLY H. P. DEGRAAF),

No. 87 Bowery, New York.

This establishment is six storeys in height, and extends 242 feet through to No. 65 Chrystie Street—making it one of the largest Furniture Houses in the United States.

They are prepared to offer great inducements to the Wholesale Trade for Time or Cash.

Their stock consists, in part, of

ROSEWOOD, PARLOR AND CHAMBER FURNITURE;

Mahogany and Walnut Parlor and Chamber Furniture;

Also, CANE and WOOD SEAT work, all qualities; HAIR, HUSK and SPRING MAT- TRESSES, a large stock; ENAMELLED CHAMBER FURNITURE, in Sets, from \$22 to \$100.

TUCKER'S NEW STYLE PATENT SPRING BED

The best as well as the cheapest of any in use. Retail price, \$2 each. Their facilities for manufacturing defy competition. All work guaranteed as represented.

5,000 AGENTS WANTED
TO INTRODUCE OUR
NEW GOLD PEN.

This Gold Pen is something entirely new and is now offered to the public for the first time, and it is made by an entirely new process, enabling us to offer them very cheap. Every Pen is WARRANTED one year, and to be genuine Diamond pointed, and to possess all the elasticity and writing qualities of the highest price gold pen made. Single Pens sent by mail on receipt of the following prices:

With Silver Mounted Ebony Holders and Morocco Cases.

No. 2 Medium Pen and Holder..... 90

No. 3 Large Pen and Holder..... 100

No. 4 Engraving Pen and Holder..... 115

Great inducements to Agents and the Trade. Send for our Circular.

GEORGE A. ELY & CO., Sole Manufacturers,

151 Broadway, N. Y.

Fountain Pen.—No Inkstand Required. One filling will write 12 hours. Also, all other styles of Gold Pens. Send stamp for Circular.

G. F. HAWKES, Sole Manufacturer,
64 Nassau street, N. Y.

\$75 A MONTH!—I want to hire Agents in every county at \$75 a month, expenses paid, to sell my new cheap Family Sewing Machines. Address 44-51 S. MADISON, Alfred, Maine.

The Great Money-Making Article.

Everybody needs it. Agents or Soldiers can make \$10 a day. Sample, with particulars, sent free by mail, for 25 cents. Address

W. H. MARTIN, Hinsdale, N. H.

New Army Watches.

ARRANDALE & CO., Importers, 212 Broadway, N. Y., want Agents in every County and every Regiment, for the sale of their new styles of Watches. Unusually liberal terms are offered to Agents. Send for Circular.

Do You Want Luxuriant Whiskers or Moustaches?

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow heavily in six weeks (upon the smoothest face) without stain or injury to the skin. Price \$1—sent by mail, post free, to any address on receipt of an order.

M. G. GRAHAM, 20 Hudson St., N. Y.

STEREOSCOPIC VIEWS and CARTES DE VISITE.

1,000 different kinds. Send stamp for Catalogue.

500 VICTOR DELAPO, 50 Nassau St., N. Y.

AMERICAN BILLIARD TABLE



AND COMBINATION CUSHIONS,

Approved and adopted by the Billiard Congress of 1863. The best and only reliable Billiard Table manufactured. Balls, Cue, and every article relating to Billiards, for sale by

PHELAN & COLLENDER,
Corner of Crosby and Spring Sts., N. Y.

TOMES, SON & MELVAIN

6 Maiden Lane, New York.



Dealers in "Fire Arms," "Gentry," "Sporting Articles," "Fancy Goods," Perfumery, Soap, Drapery, Moerscham Pipes, etc., etc.

Military and Navy Equipments in every variety.

A large assortment of

RICH PRESENTATION SWORDS.

Constantly on hand.

EMPLOYMENT
At your own Homes.

THOUSANDS CAN REALISE A HUNDRED DOLLARS WEEKLY.—No utensils required except those found in every household; profits 100 per cent.; demand staple as flour. It is the greatest discovery of the age. Full particulars sent on receipt of 10 cents for return postage. Address C. MUNRO BROWN, No. 74 Bleeker Street, N. Y.

Legal Tender, Stationery, Music and Jewelry Casket—New Series.

We now offer new inducements to all who sell 5 TA- TIONERY PACKAGES. Send for our free Circular.

WILKINSON & CO., 505 Chestnut St., Phila.

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

44-5

J. H. Winslow & Co.

The Greatest Opportunity Ever Offered to Secure Good Jewellery at Low Prices.

100,000

Watches, Chains, Sets of Jewellery, Gold Pens, Bracelets, Lockets, Rings, Gents' Pins, Sleeve Buttons, Studs, &c., &c.

Worth \$500,000!

To be sold for ONE DOLLAR each, without regard to value, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get. Send 25 cents for a Certificate, which will inform you what you can have for \$1, and at the same time get our Circular containing full list and particulars, also terms to Agents, which we want in every Regiment and Town in the country.

J. H. WINSLOW & CO.,
205 Broadway, New York.

VETERAN

VETERAN
Soldiers!

We are now prepared to furnish all kinds of Veteran Pins for all the Regiments and Corps now in the field at \$1.50 each; also, all the various Army Badges worn by the different armies, by the single one, 100 or 1,000. Sent to any part of the country by mail. Send for a Circular. Address

DROWNE & MOORE, Manufg' Jewellers,
205 Broadway, N. Y.
Solid 18 k. Gold, \$4.50. Solid Silver, \$1.50.

Stereoscopic Views, Cartes de Visites—New Books. Send for Catalogue. C. B. HARRISON,
P. O. Box 2,111, Boston, Mass. 445-82

The Old Established and only reliable Purchasing Agency doing business since 1849. Parties desiring anything they see advertised or any information, can obtain it by enclosing a 3c. stamp for Circular to HENRY STEPHENS, 35 Nassau St., N. Y. 445-8

L. W. HINTONKY,
At his well-known

PHOTOGRAPH GALLERY,

No. 2 New Chambers Street,

Has now increased facilities to take Cartes de Visites as well as other Photographs, in the best style. Notwithstanding the increase in price of different materials, the charges are the same and the quality the best.

Card Pictures \$1.50 per doz.—8 for \$1.
Card Vignettes \$3 per doz.

Large Size Photographs, 3 for \$1.
All other Photographs up to life size colored in oil or water at the most reasonable prices.

Particular attention given to Copying Cards or Amotypes into Large Photographs. The smallest or most defaced picture can be, by the aid of his experienced artist, copied into a handsome photograph. Every attention paid to visitors wishing to examine the specimens.

Swords, Sabers, Belts.

Wholesales and retail. Also, Presentation Swords,
445-56 B. KITTREDGE & CO., Cincinnati, O.

Lieut.-Gen. U. S. Grant Package.
Copyright secured. Agents send orders and for Circulars early, to

J. L. G. PIERPONT, 335 Broadway, N. Y.

Broker's Stock of unredeemed goods for sale at \$1 for each article, consisting of a variety of rich and valuable goods worth from 75 cents to \$300 each. Circulars giving full particulars sent to any address. Any person sending 25 cents we will inform them in advance what article they will receive, giving a description of the same, with the price as sold at retail. Any article ordered, if it does not prove as described, we will refund the money. For further particulars address with 25c stamp.

ANDREWS & CO., 108 Sudbury St., Boston, Mass. 445-9

"Diphtheria."

A certain preventive, and sure, safe and simple remedy for this sudden and dangerous disease, may be had by addressing (enclosing stamp for reply).

DR. OTIS C. LAIDLLOW, 12 Astor Place, N. Y. 445-8

\$10 AGENTS \$10

And Dealers. Something New! Burglar-Proof Traveller's Lock, Indelible Pencil, Egyptian Cement, Magic Tobacco Box, and 20 More Novel and Useful Articles. Send stamp for Circular.

S. W. RICE & CO., 63 Nassau St., N. Y.

If you want to Know

A little of everything relating to the human system, diet, air, marriage, etc., etc., read revised and enlarged edition of

Medical Common Sense.

Among the many subjects treated in this work are the following: Consumption; Bronchitis, Asthma, Catarrh, Scrofula, Rheumatism, Dyspepsia, Piles, Liver and Philosophy of Digestion, Constipation, Rapture, Salt Rheum, Cancer, Paralysis, Diseases of the Heart, Neuralgia, How to Recover the Sight and throw aside Spectacles, The Curious Marriage Customs of the World, Philosophy of Eloquence, Philosophy of Childmarking, a Chapter for the Married, and a thousand things of value to the married and single never written before, making, altogether, a curious book for curious people, and a good book for every one. 400 pages; 150 illustrations. Contained tables sent free by mail to all applicants, or the book forwarded by mail, postage paid, on receipt of \$1.50.

Address E. B. FOOTE, 1180 Broadway, N. Y.

"Album Gems."—Something New, Gay and Fancy. The most desirable Cards ever published—including the French Dancing Girl; Venus Sporting with Love; Bedtime; Bombarding Charleston; Sinking the 200; etc., etc. Price only 5 cents each, or \$1 for the set of 15 choice cards.

G. W. TOMLINSON, Publisher,

221 Washington St., Boston, Mass.

Whiskers! Whiskers!

MY ONGUENT will force them to grow on the smoothest face in 21 days. Price, 25 cents a Package, or six for \$1. Satisfaction given or money refunded.

Address M. A. JACKSON, Calumet, Ill.

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.



CHICKERING & SONS,

MANUFACTURERS OF

Grand, Square and Upright Pianofortes.

THALBERG'S CERTIFICATE

"Since my arrival in America I have constantly used the Pianos of Messrs. Chickering & Sons, and I can only repeat that which I have so often said before: The instruments are the best I have seen in the United States, and will compare favorably with any I have ever known.

S. THALBERG."

Warerooms, 652 Broadway, N. Y., 246 Washington Street, Boston

Remington's



Approved by the Government.

Warranted superior to any other Pistol of the kind. Also Pocket and Belt Revolvers. Sold by the Trade generally.

B. REMINGTON & SONS,
428-50 Klon, N. Y.

Stereoscopic Pictures and Cartes de Visite, latest importations. Also, New Books and Sporting Articles. Send for Circular.
600 PIERRE BIBON 25 Ann St., N. Y.

Do You Want to get Married?

"Courtship Made Easy." A Book of 100 pages, illustrated. Treating on "Psychomancy," Plainly showing how either sex can fascinate, win the undivided love, and marry, whoever they wish, irrespective of age or personal appearance. Sent by mail for 50 cents and two red stamps. Address E. D. LOCKE & CO., Box 1825, Portland, Me. 445-48

Hoyt's Hiawatha Hair Restorative.—Superior to every other preparation for the hair in power to restore faded and gray hair to its original color and natural appearance, to prevent it from falling out, to overcome effects of previous use of preparations containing sulphur, sugar of lead, &c., and to remove the impurities and humors of the scalp. Invaluable dressing for whiskers.

HOYT'S MINNEHAHA HAIR GLOSS, unexcelled in keeping the hair in curl.

HOYT'S IMPERIAL COLORING CREAM oil and colors the hair at the same time; changes light and red hair to a beautiful brown or black.

HOYT'S EXCELSIOR TOILET POWDER imparts beauty to the complexion, smoothness to the skin, and preserves youthfulness of appearance. Sold everywhere.

N.B.—Ladies' French Hairdresser in attendance to apply the Minnewaha.

JOSEPH HOYT & CO., 10 University Place.

The Confessions and Experience of an Invalid.

Published the benefit and as a warning and a caution to young men who suffer from Nervous Debility, Premature Decay, etc., supplying at the same time the means of Self-Cure. By one who has cured himself, after being put to great expense through medical imposition and quackery. By inclosing a postpaid addressed envelope, Single Copies may be had of the author, NATHANIEL MAYFAIR, Esq., Bedford, Kings County, N. Y.

WEDDING CARDS.

WEDDING CARDS. French Note Papers, Seals and Presses, Silver Plates, etc., at J. Everett's, 302 Broadway, cor. Duane St. For Specimens by mail, send 25 cents.

600

Attention, Company!

CLARK'S ONGUENT.—A Powerful Stimulant.—Each packet warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers or Moustaches in Six Weeks upon the smoothest face without stain or injury to the skin. Any person using this Onguent and finding it not as represented (by informing me of the fact), can have their money returned to them at any time within three months from day of purchase. Price \$1. Sent sealed and postpaid to any address on receipt of the money.

Address A. C. CLARK,
445-57 P. O. Drawer 118, Albany, N. Y.

MADAME BENEDICT'S
Millinery & Dressmaking Establishment,
Is now replete with

Every Imported Novelty of the Season.
13 WAVERLEY PLACE, NEW YORK 600

Baker's Rheumatic Balm,

BAKER'S FEVER COOLER,
BAKER'S COUGH MIXTURE,
BAKER'S CROUP ALLEVIATOR,
are four remedies which no family should be ever without. Price \$1 per bottle each. Also, BAKER'S KIDNEY AND GRAVEL REMEDIES, which are invaluable. Price \$5.

Principal Depot—No. 154 TENTH STREET, near Fourth Avenue. Remedies sent to any address on receipt of price.

445-51

Beauty.—HUNT'S WHITE LIQUID ENAMEL, prepared by Madame Rachel Leverton, the celebrated Parisian Ladies' Enameler. It whitens the skin permanently, giving it a soft, satin-like texture, and imparts a freshness and transparency to the complexion which is quite natural, without injury to the skin. It is also warranted to remove Tan, Freckles, Pimples, Sunburn, etc. Sent by mail, free from observation, on receipt of price, 25 cents. Address H. H. HUNT & CO., Perfumers, 128 South Seventh Street, and 21 South Eighth Street, Philadelphia.

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

445-51

<p

THE BEST LITERATURE

[By the Best American Writers.]

Is found each month in the

Atlantic Monthly

LONGFELLOW, LOWELL, HAWTHORNE, EMERSON, HOLMES, AGASSIZ, and others of the leading writers of the country contribute regularly.

Terms, \$3 a year, postage paid—25 cents a number. Liberal reduction to Clubs. Send 25 cents for a specimen number to

TICKNOR & FIELDS, Publishers,
443-550 135 Washington street, Boston.

LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN

Is published and for sale this day by
T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
305 CHESTNUT STREET, PHILADELPHIA.

The Life, Speeches, Proclamations, Letters, Messages and Public Services of

ABRAHAM LINCOLN,

Sixteenth President of the United States. With a full history of his Life; his career as a Lawyer and Politician; his services in Congress; with his Speeches, Proclamations, Letters, Messages, Acts and services as President of the United States and Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States, up to the present time.

Complete in one large volume of 200 pages, with a portrait of President Lincoln. Price 50 cents in paper, or 75 cents in cloth.

Gen. McClellan's Life and Reports. The Life, Campaigns, Battles, Reports and public services of Major-Gen. George B. McClellan, the Hero of Western Virginia, South Mountain and Antietam, with a full history of all his Campaigns and Battles, as well as his Reports and Correspondence with the War Department and the President, in relation to them, from the time he first took the field in this war until he was finally relieved from command, after the battle of Antietam; with his various SPEECHES TO SOLDIERS, etc., up to the present time.

New and Enlarged Edition. Complete in one large volume of 200 pages, with a Portrait of Gen. McClellan. Price 50 cents in paper, or 75 cents in cloth. Copies sent everywhere, free of postage, on receipt of price.

Agents wanted everywhere to sell the above books, who will be supplied with them assortied, to suit themselves, as follows—the 50 cent editions at \$1.50 a dozen, or \$2.50 a hundred; or with the cloth editions at \$6 a dozen, or \$45 a hundred. Send on your orders, with cash enclosed, at once, for whatever quantity you may wish, at these rates, addressed to

T. B. PETERSON & BROTHERS,
305 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia,
And they will be sent to you within one hour after the receipt of the order.

\$50 AMERICAN \$50 LEVERS.

Trade Mark, P. S. Bartlett, Waltham, Mass., Full Jewelled, WARRANTED, in 4 oz. coin silver hunting case, gold joints, fancy push pin, for \$50.

Also, every variety of good Watches at equally low rates. All orders from the Army must be prepaid, as the Express Companies will not take bills for collection on soldiers.

J. L. FERGUSON, Importer of Watches,
308 Broadway, N. Y.

BRIDGEWATER PAINT

Ground in Oil in six drab shades for Villas, Cottages, Roofs etc., etc.
H. REYNOLDS, Agent, 74 Maiden Lane, N. Y.
000

The Celebrated CRAIG MICROSCOPE, combining Instruction with Amusement, is mailed, prepaid, for \$2.25; or with 6 beautiful Mounted Objects for \$3; with 24 Objects, \$5, by

HENRY CRAIG,
335 Broadway, New York.

Also, he will mail, prepaid, the Belle-vue, or Perfected STEREOSCOPE, with a sliding Focus and Field-Piece, accomodating all eyes, for \$3; with 12 assorted views, \$6. A liberal discount to the trade.

American, Swiss and English Watches in superior styles and quality of cases. Orders from the Trade or Army (large or small) promptly and faithfully attended to. Established 20 years.
000 T. B. BYNNER, 175 Broadway, N. Y.

AMERICAN METALLIC COLLARS

The only enamelled "Turn-over" Collar made in metals. Send \$1 for a "Turn-over" or 75 cents for a "Choker," to C. H. WELLING, 96 Pine St., N. Y., and receive it by return mail.

Nervous Diseases and Physical Debility, arising from Specific causes, in both Sexes—new and reliable treatment in Reports of the HOWARD ASSOCIATION—sent in sealed letter envelopes, of charge. Address DR. J. SKILLIN HOWARD, No. 2 South-Ninth Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

Great Chance to Make Money!

Agents can make \$10 to \$20 a day selling our celebrated PRIZE STATIONERY PACKETS. We have every variety, to suit the tastes of all; retail for 25 cents each. A Splendid GOLD OR SILVER WATCH presented free to each Agent. \$15 capital only required to obtain 100 Packages and a fine Silver Watch. Also, SPLENDID STEEL ENGRAVINGS. \$10 invested will yield \$20. Send for Circular. Mailed free.
G. S. HASKINS & CO.,
Prize Package and Engraving Warehouse,
36 and 38 Rockman street, N. Y.



JUST THE PLACE.

LAURA (who has accidentally met her intended)—"Oh, Charles, I am so glad I've met you; mama has been scolding me so. If we could only find a quiet spot I would tell you what she says!"

CHARLES—"Let's get into this Broadway stage—we are sure not to be interrupted."

[Hails the astonished driver.]

GOLD WATCH FREE!

AND

\$15 Per Day Easy \$15

Made by acting as our Agent for the sale of the GREAT ORIGINAL and only Genuine RICKARDS'S COMBINATION PRIZE PACKAGES. Each of those Wonderful, Large and Useful Packages contains Large quantities of Fine Writing Paper, Envelopes, Steel Pens, Pen Holders, Lead Pencils, Blotters, Fine Engravings, Ladies New Fashion Plates, Designs for Needle Work, Beautiful Emblems, Cottage Keepsakes, Household Companions, Parlor, Toilet, Kitchen and Garden Guide, Evening Amusements, Letter Writers, Instructors, Rare Old Recipes, Etc., to Get Rich, Miniature Calendars for 1864, Yankee Notions, Likenesses of Military Heroes, Camp Companions, with Pay, Bounties, Rations, Allowances, Pensions, Etc., the whole worth, if Bought Separate, Many Dollars. Price, Each Package, only 25 cents. Wholesale Rates to Agents very Low, from 100 to 200 per cent. profit made. One hundred packages, with presents of Jewelry and gift of a superb Watch, show bills and sole right for a town or county sent anywhere on receipt of \$15. SMART AGENTS sell 100 Packages in a FEW HOURS. Our Packages stand same as ever, alone and above all competition, and have long been acknowledged as the leading and only real valuable and standard articles of the kind ever manufactured. We present each person who acts as Agent for us with a Beautiful GOLD or SILVER HUNTING CASE LEVER WATCH, Genuine English Movements, Full Jewelled, Warranted one year. All Goods Guaranteed as Represented or money refunded. A single one of our Large Packages contains more real valuable articles than any half dozen other Packages ever sold. This is the greatest money-making business for Agents of the age. Send for our Great New Circular for 1864, containing Extra Premium inducements FREE.

G. C. RICKARDS & CO., 102 Nassau St., N. Y., Original, Largest and Oldest Prize Package House in the World.

GOOD NEWS FOR THE ARMY!

Hereafter we will send, postpaid, any of our PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUMS ordered by soldiers for themselves or friends, giving an Album of the full value of the money sent.

Our Albums have the reputation of being superior to all others in beauty and durability, and range in price from 50 cents to \$50. Our Catalogue of

Card Photographs

Now embraces about 5,000 Officers Army and Navy, Statesmen, Actors, copies of Works of Art, &c. Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

Stereoscopes and Stereoscopic Views.

Our assortment of them is very extensive, including a great variety of views of the present war. Catalogue sent on receipt of stamp.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO.,

501 Broadway, New York,

448-510 Manufacturers of Photographic Materials.

A WATCH

FOR ALL!

S. M. WARD & CO.,

MANUFACTURING

JEWELLERS!

208 Broadway, New York.

100,000

Watches, Lockets, Chains, Gold Pens and Cases, Rings, Pins, etc., etc.

To be sold for \$1 each, and not to be paid for until you know what you are to get, and not to be kept unless you are perfectly satisfied.

Orders specifying the various articles are put in Envelopes and Sealed, and sent without regard to choice.

One order will be sent for 25 cents; five for \$1; 11 for \$2; 30 for \$5; 100 for \$15.

Also, we have just issued several new designs, among which is the new Battle Pin with the Likeness (taken from life) of either Generals Grant, Meade, Banks, McClellan, Rosecrans, Burnside, Butler, Sherman, Force, Logan, Kilpatrick, Gillmore, Foster, Custer, Com. Porter, and either officers in the Army or Navy whose likeness can be obtained. Also, a new Artillery and Battery Pin. Also, a new Engineer, Naval and Pontoonier's Pin. The above are all made in Fine Gold Plate, and will be sent for \$1.50 each.

Also, a new Cavalry Pin in Solid Silver (pure coin) for \$1.50. Also, either Army Corps, Division or Company Pin, Solid Silver, with your Name, Regiment and Company handsomely engraved thereon, for \$1. Either of the above will be sent in Solid Gold for \$5. Agents wanted in every Regiment, Vessel and Hospital. Send for wholesale illustrated descriptive circular.

Soldier's Money Belt!

(HOWARD'S PAT.)

This Belt is designed especially for Soldiers. It will not sweat or wet through under any circumstances. Has three compartments—one for Letters, one for Greenbacks, and one for Card Photographs or Keepsakes of the loved ones at home. They are Light, Durable and Elegant, and will last a lifetime. They are sent to all parts of the army by return mail, postpaid, on receipt of price, \$2, by the

HOWARD BELT CO.,

496 Broadway, N. Y.

Shults' Onguent.—Warranted to produce a full set of Whiskers in six weeks or money refunded. Sent, postpaid, for 50 cents. Address C. F. SHULTS, Troy, N. Y.

GREAT TRIUMPH.

STEINWAY & SONS, Nos. 22 and 24 Walker Street, N. Y., were awarded a FIRST PRIZE MEDAL at the Great International Exhibition, London. There were two hundred and sixty-nine pianos from all parts of the world entered for competition.

The special correspondent of the New York Times says:

"Messrs. Steinway's endorsement by the Jurors is emphatic, and stronger and more to the point than that of any European maker."

The Bowen Microscope,
Magnifying 500 times, mailed to any address for 35 cents. Four of different powers for \$1.
Address F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

A Secret Worth Knowing.—How to make the CELEBRATED WESTERN CIDER without apples or other fruit, in 12 hours. The Recipe sent everywhere for 25 cents. Address

F. B. BOWEN, Box 220, Boston, Mass.

Dyspepsia Tablets.

For INDIGESTION, HEARTBURN, etc., manufactured only by S. G. WELLING, and sold by Druggists generally. 50 cents per box; sent free on the receipt of 65 cents. Depot, 207 Centre Street, second floor.

000

20 cents each, \$1.50 per dozen. Free by mail. Address

J. W. EVERETT & CO., Box 1612, New York city.

Send for circular.

000

Munro's 10 Cent Publications.

NOVEL No. 12.

THE OCEAN ROVERS;

Or, the Freebooters of the Isles.

A thrilling romance of land and sea. For sale by Newsagents generally, and sent, postpaid, on receipt of price, 10 cents.

GEORGE MUNRO & CO.,

137 William St., N. Y.

Beautiful False Mustaches, 50 Cents and \$1 a pair; sent free by mail. Send stamp for Circular. Address

C. W. PHILIP, Brooklyn, N. Y.

SAINT CATHERINE LIBRARY

THE COLLEGE OF ST. CATHERINE

ST. PAUL, MINNESOTA

MAY 1, 1864.

\$7 ARMY WATCH. \$7

A Beautiful Engraved Gold-Plated Watch. Double Case, Lever Cap, Small Size, Enamelled Dial, Cut Hands, "English Movements," and Correct Time-keeper, sent free, by mail, in neat case, only \$7.

A SILVER WATCH, same as above, single one, by mail, \$7. Specially adapted to the ARMY.

\$15 European Timekeeper \$15

OR COMPASS WATCH.

A SUPERB "EXTRA DOUBLE GOLD-PLATED" engraved or engine-turned Hunting Case Watch—Magic Spring—Genuine English Jewelled or Nickel Movements—M. J. TOBIAS.—Independent action—Self-Balance—and has a NEAT MINIATURE COMPASS sunk in the cap and attached to the movements—making it a correct Guide for the Soldier or Traveller—a perfect Timekeeper—"Warranted one year," will stand acid, and is an

Exact Imitation of a \$100 Gold Watch used by the British Army Officers.

sent free, by mail, in Elegant Morocco Case, for only \$15.

ENGLISH STERLING SILVER LEVER WATCHES, engraved Hunting Case, full jewelled movements warranted, \$18.

\$30 American Levers. \$30

In 4 oz. Coin Silver Hunting Cases, Full Ruby Jeweled, Gold Joints, Magic Spring, with Full Guarantee, only \$30.

Real English Duplex Stop Watch, In Massive Silver Hunting Cases, Full Jewelled, SWEEP SECONDS, for Artillerists or Timing Horses, Full Guarantee, \$30.

Good Watches, for Army use, of all descriptions. We are sole importers of the above styles of European Watches. Catalogue of trade prices mailed free.

Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper of Feb. 20 says of the "European Timekeeper," "It is a novelty here, and an imitation of the celebrated timekeeper so much in use among the British army officers, and is calculated to meet the wants of our soldiers in the field." Illustrated News says, "Correct timepieces, and for beauty and fine finish they are equal in appearance to \$100 watches."

Address CHAS. F. NORTON & CO., Importers, 38 and 40 Ann Street, N. Y.

WARDS SHIRTS SENT EVERYWHERE BY MAIL OR EXPRESS

Ready-Made or to Measure, at \$38, \$39, \$45 per dozen.

SELF-MEASUREMENT FOR SHIRTS.

Printed directions for self-measurement, list of prices, and drawings of different styles of shirts and collars sent free everywhere.

FRENCH FLANNEL OVERSHIRTS, \$3, \$3.50 and \$4.50 each—cut one yard long. A single Shirt sent by mail on receipt of the cash and 63 cents postage for each shirt.

Send the Size of your Neck also.

STEEL COLLARS

ENAMELED WHITE,

Having the appearance and comfort of linen, have been worn in England for the last two years in preference to any other collar, as they are readily cleaned in one minute with a sponge.

To Military Men and Travellers they are invaluable. Price 75 cents each; sent by post to any part of the Union on the receipt of 90 cents.

WHOLESALE AND RETAIL.

AGENTS WANTED in every Town in the Union.

S. W. H. WARD,

No. 387 Broadway, New York.

Health for the Soldier!

For one who dies from the effects of the bullet, ten perish from damp and exposure to night air. Small doses of HOLLOWAY'S PILLS, taken every other night, will correct all disorders of the Liver and Stomach, purify the blood and insure sound health to every man. 35 cents, 88 cents, and \$1.40 per box or pot.

FRIENDS OF SOLDIERS!

All articles for Soldiers at Baltimore, Washington, Fortress Monroe, Harper's Ferry, Newbern, Port Royal, and all other places, should be sent at half price, by HARNDEN'S EXPRESS, No. 74 Broadway. Sutlers charged low rates.

IVORY Jewelry!

Fine Ivory Brooches.....\$1.50

<div data-bbox="738 708 943 718